

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

## Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1717.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

PRICE 4d.  
Stamped Edition, 5d.

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

EARLIEST DAYS OF SCIENCE AND HISTORY.

*The Cradle of the Twin Giants, Science and History.*  
By H. Christmas. 2 vols. Bentley.

This is a very curious book indeed, and to-day we lift the first volume to exhibit, as far as our limits conveniently admit, the nature of the contents which impart to it this popular and attractive quality. It treats of and illustrates a multitude of vulgar errors, impostures, and superstitions—subjects at all times interesting to the inquisitive human mind; but it also does more, and, tracing the course of Science and History from the earliest ages, shows how truths were deduced out of falsehood, and knowledge struck out of pursuits in darkness, and the wonders of unceasing progress elicited from unreal phantoms sought by the most credulous of men. There is great usefulness in this. It is a lesson from the past for the present and the future. It teaches us not to despise even the most fanciful researches, to ridicule the wildest speculations, or to denounce as absurdities the strangest ideas because we cannot comprehend them.

There is more around us everywhere than is dreamt of in our philosophy; and as many of the incantations of elder days produced forms and revelations from smoke and dim glasses, so it may be wisdom in us (*ex fumo dare lucem*) to look for light out of cloud, and not to deny that splendid results may be evolved from dense obscurity. There is magic enough in the world to exercise the most acute faculties to penetrate: there are secrets now to require every depth of intelligence to discover: there are influences at work which in our present state it is impossible we should understand. Let us, therefore, neither be too easy of belief nor too sceptical; let us examine, weigh, compare. Out of apparent trifles and rank follies, we may find precious elixirs to adorn and sweeten life, if not to confer immortality.

In the annals of past ages to which Mr. Christmas has devoted his attention, we must premise "the student seized at once on the treasures of revelation, tradition, and observation, and what was wanting to round and complete the whole, he supplied by inference, more or less founded, and by conjecture." \*\*\* The history of the *Mind* is involved in the history of its strangest aberrations, and the history of Science in that of its most absurd errors.

We agree with the author that it cannot be otherwise than profitable to cast a glance over the mental tone and temper of these remote periods; to reconsider their mixture of facts and fables; and, in short, endeavour to separate the grain from the chaff. He commences with astrology in its various aspects; then treats of magic with its apparatus of automata, arithmetic or numbers, and oneiromancy or the interpretation of dreams; and last of all discusses the heroic or romantic ages in many countries, showing how the romance arose out of primeval antiquity, and became enlarged and engrafted by tradition on every communion of human beings. And "in examining such subjects," he truly observes, "as those treated on in this book, we must remember that we are opening a page in the history of the human mind; we are investigating systems formed on insufficient data, theories made without an inductive system; we are beholding the natural impatience of the mind to be informed, seeing many eager snatches made at the Tree of Knowledge, and now and then some precious fruit seized and stored up with many dry branches and worthless berries. We are gazing on the sun struggling through a cloud in the morning of the day, and to recur to our first figure, and that which gives

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a title to the book, we are called to look on the Twin Giants—SCIENCE and HISTORY—while yet in their CRADLE.

"The plan proposed to be followed is to take the chief branches of science, sound or unsound, which were accepted by the sages of antiquity, and first to sketch the science as it was thus accepted, pointing out the philosophical truth developed in it, and exhibiting its connexion with other similar branches; to touch briefly on the lives and characters of those who principally followed or professed it, and then to trace its influence upon the philosophic mind of the age, and its effects on the advance of true science."

And he adds,—

"Doubtless, the giants of our tale have necessarily grown inch by inch, as much for the benefit of those among whom their infancy was passed, as theirs, who were to witness the wonders of their maturer strength. The History of the World affords us one remarkable instance of this principle, namely, that truth is ever progressive, and *must* be so, and that if this be the case, our age must be as much behind those which shall follow, in actual development of scientific truth, as it is in advance of those which are past, and that it is for the benefit of man that it should be so. \*\*\*

"In our own days," he continues, "we have seen many wondrous results follow the practice of mesmerism; and though much imposture has doubtless been mingled therewith, enough indeed to elicit and almost to justify the incredulity of thousands, still there are certain facts resting on competent authority which imperatively claim our careful attention. They are apparently anomalous: but theories and histories, which we shall have to consider, show us that they do not occur for the first time: that centuries ago similar means were attended by similar consequences; that the reciprocal power of the soul over the body, and of the body over the soul, are but little understood as yet; and that there are channels of information in an abnormal state, independently of the five senses from which alone hitherto we have been supposed to derive our ideas. The age in which we live is less sceptical and more philosophical than the age which preceded it; we recognize more readily than our fathers, the many points of contact between matter and spirit, and are therefore far more in sympathy with an age like that of the Alchemists, than with one like that of the Encyclopedists. It has ever been remarked, also, that at a period of gross materialism, and utilitarianism almost as gross, spiritual manifestations, of what kind soever, are few and far between; all tends to favour the prevailing influence."

These extracts from his introduction afford a fair example of the spirit of the author, and lead us to the more detailed appreciation of his several heads, beginning with the origin of Astrology:—

"It was said that Hermes had written thirty thousand volumes, 'a circumstance' which the authors of the 'General Biography' gravely inform us 'we need not scruple to reckon among the fables of antiquity.' It is easy, by the above explanation, to see why so many volumes were ascribed to him, especially when we consider, which Galen expressly asserts, that the discoveries engraven on pillars had not the names of their authors. The idea which the writers of the 'General Biography' have adopted, namely that Thoth was a distinguished man, who, by his learning and inventions, first civilized Egypt, will appear totally absurd, if we reflect on the discoveries attributed to him; for Diodorus says,—'All the sciences, institutions, and arts were invented by Thoth.' The three Thoths seem to refer to three eras. The Egyptians placed the most ancient before the deluge. This

marked the infancy of human knowledge; for though it can hardly be believed, that they possessed monuments which had really survived that tremendous event, yet some of their pillars bore, no doubt, reference to events which had happened before the flood, and of which the memory was preserved by tradition. The second Thoth denotes the attainments of that era when chronology and astronomy began to be studied with success, when the hieroglyphics were translated into the sacerdotal and enchorial characters, when law and religion became fixed establishments. The third denotes the perfection of arts, sciences, and religion; a state to which the Egyptians deemed they had attained; and to the personified wisdom of their own age they applied the magnificent epithet, 'thrice greatest.' That all knowledge, and particularly all occult knowledge, was communicated through Adam to his immediate descendants, was afterwards gradually corrupted, and, at last, entirely lost, was a notion that prevailed extensively among the students of the Cabala. They, therefore, while they agreed as to the existence of the before-mentioned columns, ascribed their erection, not to Hermes, but to Adam, and here is the solution of the identification of the one with the other so frequently found in their works. Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, was fabled to have been a profound astrologer, Abraham and Joseph have had the same reputation attached to their names, and Solomon, the wisest of men, was also the most accomplished of astrologers."

Looking generally at the Occult Philosophy, we may well allow that "it offers so strange a medley of fact and falsehood, of enthusiasm and imposture, of profundity and absurdity, that we feel at first inclined to adopt the sentiment thus forcibly expressed by an old writer; 'It relates doings which God would not do; which the devil could not do; which none but a liar would assert, and none but a fool believe.' When, however, a second glance shows us that in this sweeping censure of falsehood and folly we include a Democritus, a Pythagoras, an Hippocrates and a Plato, a Pliny and a Tacitus, a Sully, a Kircher, a Boerhaave and a Boyle, we are compelled to restrain our condemnation, and to consider the subject in a fresh point of view. We see that mental weakness was by no means a constant concomitant of a belief in its strange superstitions; and that it must have had some plausible points, some splendid theories, some occasional verisimilitude to recommend it to the acceptance, more or less complete, of men like these.

"The history of the Occult Philosophy is the history of a part of the human mind; it shows how the love of the marvellous has in all ages acted on the powerful mind as well as the weak; on the cultivated as well as on the rude; and the true importance of the study consists in developing the influence which it exerted on the progress of natural and metaphysical philosophy. We shall see it in one age giving a tone to these branches of sounder learning, and in another receiving its own from them; becoming more and more assimilated to true science, as true science became more generally acknowledged; and at last becoming extinct when truth had greater wonders to offer than fiction; when the love of the marvellous was more highly excited and more abundantly gratified by Astronomy than by Astrology, by Chemistry than by Alchemy."

Yet "there is no science in which Astrology has had so great or so mischievous effects as in medicine. The benefits which it is sometimes supposed to have conferred on the world, in exciting the attention of mankind to Astronomy, have been far outweighed by the injury it has inflicted on medical science."

So late as the seventeenth century, a very "efficacious remedy was the following ointment:—

"Recipe.

|                                |     |     |      |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|------|
| The moss of a dead man's skull | ... | ... | 3ij. |
| Human fat                      | ... | ... | 3ij. |
| Mummy                          | ... | ... | ss.  |
| Human blood                    | ... | ... | ss.  |
| Oil of linseed                 | ... | ... | ss.  |
| Oil of roses                   | ... | ... | ij.  |
| Bole arm                       | ... | ... | ss.  |

"This ointment was supposed to combine all the virtues of all the planets in cases of wounds; and its effects were exactly similar to those of the sympathetic powder. When we look over remedies like these, we look at a state of grossness which prevails now scarcely anywhere but among the Obi worshippers of Africa; their charms, both for good and evil, bear a strong resemblance to such elegant preparations as the above. But in the west of England it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for a druggist to be asked for the 'oil of bricks' or 'oil of swallows,' the 'oil of stones,' or the 'oil of earthworms,' all which have had their virtues when astrologically made. The idea of Astrology is now lost among the poor people who require such medicines, but the virtues of the nostrum are still traditionally believed."

From Astrology we pass (*preslo*) to Magic, and a succinct account of remarkable automata, to which the following relates:—

"The younger Le Droz made the figure of a man about the natural size which was capable both of drawing and writing. It held in its hand a metallic pencil, and when a piece of vellum was laid under the point, and a certain spring touched, the automaton began to draw. On the first card, it traced 'elegant likenesses' of the king and the queen, and at every stroke carefully lifted up the pencil: it was never known to spoil any card properly placed under its hand. When this was finished it rested, and afterwards drew five other designs on separate cards. One by M. Maillardet not only made several designs, but executed four pieces of writing, first tracing exactly all the letters, and then bringing back the hand to dot the i's and cross the t's. These last are well ascertained to have been truly automata, i. e., moved only by machinery."

Vaucanson's famous flute-player, Kempelen's chess-player, and other pretended automata were tricks, having living movers introduced into the seeming machines. Having seen Mr. Wheatstone's tolerably successful essays to form speaking automata, we read the annexed with interest:—

"Attempts have been made to give the faculty of speaking to images of this kind, but they have hitherto either wholly failed, or at best but partially succeeded. M. Kratzenstein gained a prize proposed by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, for a trial which was not altogether a failure; he showed how the vowel sounds could be produced by blowing through tubes of various shapes and dimensions. Kempelen succeeded in producing some consonant sounds also, and Professor Willis, of Cambridge, has gone on with still further success. The science of Acoustics is being prosecuted with vigour,—new discoveries have been made with regard to the human voice,—and talking and singing machines will be 'numbered among the conquests of science.' Mean-time, pretensions have not been wanting; and as the quackery of the present time seems to have run into another channel, we must have recourse for our instances to antiquity. In the fourth century, when Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, broke to pieces the images of the gods which were in that city, he found many of them hollow, and placed against the wall in such a manner that the priests could slip behind them, and speak to the people through their mouths."

From the chapter on 'Onciromancy' we copy but one quotation. An old German oculist, named Engel, stated that the digitalis or foxglove, the belladonna or nightshade, and several other plants of a similar

kind, possessed peculiar properties which were not generally known even by the medical profession. When administered, he said, in a certain way (query how?), they could be made to act so powerfully and directly as sedatives, as to destroy all sensibility and voluntary motion, without affecting the animal life or impeding its necessary and healthy actions and functions; but with this remarkable peculiarity, that the mind or soul did not participate in the comatose-ness which affected its mortal tenement, but was more than usually active and excursive. On these occasions, however, the individual to whom it belonged had no perception of anything of the kind. His body enjoyed an animal existence, as it were, without sensation, and nothing more. But when the effect of the narcotic was dispelled, either by counter-agents or by time, he recovered from his lethargy, and active life, memory, will, and intelligence returned, with a perfect (?) knowledge of all the operations which his mind had gone through from the time of his losing his perceptions to that of his reviving, and their being restored. The German explained all this in the following way:—Life and the soul, he said, are separate essences though intimately connected together; and when the powers of the former have been enfeebled to a certain degree the latter disengages itself from the body, and continues its agency unlimited and unembarrassed by the encumbrance of corporeal matter. However, on the animal functions beginning to recover their natural vigour, their immortal inmate is attracted back by a peculiar sympathy to its earthly tenement; and the human being which they jointly compose awakes to intelligence, and suddenly recollects all the ideas that have passed through his mind during the period of his suspended animation."

In early history the giant Og cuts a great figure:—

"The traditions of the Jews tell us that Shihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, the King of Bashan, were brethren; that Og was born before the Deluge; that his father was the angel Schamehiel, and the giants were the posterity of the fallen angels. 'Now Og,' says the Talmud, 'perished not in the Flood; but rode upon the ark, and was as a covering thereof; and he was fed with the provisions which Noah gave him; for Noah bored a hole in the side of the ark, and handed out to him his daily food, to wit, one thousand oxen, one thousand of every kind of game, and the same number of measures of liquid for drink. And this did Noah give Og, and Og consented to be the servant of Noah and his children after him.' This very much tends to increase our notion of the capacity of the ark, and the prodigious bulk of Og. We find Og pursuing his agreement, and acting in his capacity of servant to the descendants of Noah with laudable fidelity for some ages; and Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, was, we are told, the same personage. As to his size, the Talmud writers very much differ: one tells us that the soles of his feet were forty miles long, and he hid Abraham in the hollow of his hand."

After his adventures, he (like smaller people) is brought by Time to his end:—

"His opposition to the Israelites was doomed to be fatal to himself. One of the Talmud treatises favours us with the following account of his death:—He inquired of what extent was the camp of the Israelites, and being told six miles, he resolved to tear up a rock of equal dimensions, and cast it upon the camp. 'So he went and plucked up a rock of six miles extent, and put the same on his head; but God caused ants to come upon it, and they made a hole in it, so that it fell about his neck, for the hole was directly over his head; and when he tried to remove it, the Lord caused his teeth to grow into it, so that he could not disengage his neck. So, when Moses saw him thus encumbered, he took an axe, whereof the handle was ten ells long, and jumped ten ells high, and then, since Moses was ten ells in stature, he could reach thirty ells high; so he struck Og on the ancle bone that he died.' After this we shall be prepared for the story of the hunter, who, according to the treatise Nidda, once pursued a buck into the shin-bone of a man; the hunter continued the chase

for three miles up the bone, and then, not being able either to catch the buck, or to see the end of the bone, returned disappointed. Can we wonder that this turned out to have been one of the legs of Og, King of Bashan? We pass over the stories which are told of many other individuals, because they are merely admeasurements of monstrous animals, and accounts of incredible feats of strength, set off with such particulars as this:—'When Samson shook himself, his hair clattered together, and the sound was heard from Dan to Beersheba.'

"We pass over these: we merely may state, that it requires no genius to invent fiction of this kind. Unicorns a hundred miles high, on the horns of one of which David was lifted up to heaven: men with feet forty miles long, and cities sixty miles high, are not objects of which, in the present day, it will be necessary to relate all the adventures. It has been supposed that the Jewish Rabbis were aware of the existence of the fossil elephant, and the kraken of Norway; but it may be objected—and it seems with great reason—that they who invented the animals we have just mentioned, and birds so big that when an egg by chance broke, the white of it overflowed three-score villages, would be very likely to magnify fishes in the same way, without supposing them to be acquainted with that immense creature of which naturalists are yet debating the existence. The fabulous simorg, the roc of the 'Arabian Nights,' the cock of the Moslem heaven, parallel creations, are the only creatures with which to compare these monstrous and useless fictions."

But it was somewhat in this manner that less incredible fictions sprung up, and became the legends of tribes and nations. Arthur and Charlemagne are specimens. Chivalry fostered a thousand embellishments, and Religion made use of thousands yet more extravagant, but systematically devised to promote certain objects:—

"But while this fact has been universally admitted and as universally acted upon, it is strange that one great branch of Historical Romance has excited scarcely any attention among the learned and the philosophical. The Romance of Civil History has been continuously studied; the yet more important Romance of Ecclesiastical History has been left almost without notice. Yet if these studies are to be estimated by the effect their objects have had upon society, it will appear that the latter must hold by far the more prominent position, and require, as well as repay, the more intense and continued study. The point of view in which they are relatively to be regarded may, we think, be briefly expressed thus: that the one—the Romance of Civil History—has been little more than the expression of popular opinion, or the outpouring of popular feeling, or the writings of those who have been subservient to its influence; while the other has been an instrument in crafty and able hands to work changes upon popular opinion itself. We do not mean to assert that the one has been less implicitly believed than the other, in times long subsequent to its origin; but that Ecclesiastical Romance has been a system of fraud, while the Romance of Civil History has been simply a succession of fables. Nor would we even wish to fix the stigma of dishonesty on the writers of church fable. Many of them were undoubtedly good and great men; yet even with a Jerome and an Athanasius, we have only to choose between gross self-deception or gross falsehood. Like a giant whose power, vast and colossal, has been excited for evil and for evil only, Superstition laid a Titan hand on the very sources, not only of Profane, but even of Sacred History; allowed them to flow only at intervals, and then, when the stream was corrupted, let it loose like a torrent, to the extinction of almost all the remnants of philosophy and Church History."

"A rapid and cursory glance at the traditions of the Church may, we think, if conducted with a proper regard to their object and effects, be peculiarly beneficial at a season like the present; and the more so, if it tend to promote the spirit of inquiry into Catholic Antiquity."

This is a grave inquiry, and the author pursues it



in a very uncompromising manner, exposing the delusions from their sources.

"There are two collections, which comprise the greater part of these Ecclesiastical Romances; one is the 'Calendarium,' published in the tenth century; the other the 'Golden Legend,'—the 'Aurea Legenda' of James de Varasse, or Jacobus de Voragine, as in compliance with the taste of his times he chose to be called. The first-named is the work of Simeon Metaphrastes; and contains the history of the saints for every day in the year. The work was published for the Greek Communion, and the Saints are Greek saints. The second is the Roman collection, and the heroes of its pages are, with some few exceptions, Martyrs and Confessors of the Western Church. These two are not only the first, and, consequently, the most venerable and venerated collections, but they are also the most authentic and the most comprehensive. Additions have been made to them age after age.

"These legends afford matter for much remark. They are somewhat curious instances of that spirit of adaptation which runs throughout Ecclesiastical Romance. Every good story and every indifferent story, it mattered very little which, was seized upon as lawful prey, and enrolled in the lives of the Saints with the most reckless carelessness. Not only were the heroes of antiquity despoiled of their good deeds; but the very gods were stripped of their miracles, and *refacimento* applied to a Saint, who not infrequently was himself a mere creature of the imagination. The holy napkin and the holy nail were converted into St. Saviour and St. Clou; and a long string of miracles were attributed to the person thus created. But this was not all. The legend that had done for one Saint was made to do duty again for another and another; as if the whole Hierarchy had a stock of sermons and wonderful works, in common."

Here are two specimens, with which we conclude:—

"A certain lady, 'the daughter of a nobleman of Babylone,' quite unexpectedly enriched the family with a grandson; and unwilling for the credit, as it would seem, of her taste, to bestow the honours of paternity where they really belonged, she chose to attribute her treasure to the intervention of a staid and pious old deacon, who, of course, denied his co-operation. His protestations were not believed; he was seized and thrown into prison. This untoward circumstance soon reached the ears of our two saints, who hastened to remove the stigma which rested not only on the deacon, but on the faith. Calling for the child, they demanded, after suitable prayers, whether the deacon were his father. To this question the child replied, to the astonishment and satisfaction of all the Church, 'No! nor hath he at any time committed such sin.' They then proceeded to ask who *was* his father, but the infant replied with equal sense and good feeling, 'It is always necessary to exculpate the innocent. It is not always necessary to accuse the guilty.'

"St. Nicholas was born at Patara, and seemed to have an intuitive perception of the fitness of fasting. For even before he was weaned, he piously abstained from his natural food on Wednesdays and Fridays; a precocity of self-denial only recorded of this great man and St. Dominic. As he grew older he took vast delight in mortifying the flesh with hair-cloths, ashes, and similar applications. He gave away all his patrimony, which was considerable; and was made by his uncle, though sorely against his will, the superior of a religious house. Some time after this he had occasion to make a voyage; but finding that the devil had entered the ship with a sword in his hand, menacing to kill all the seamen,—the first act of our Saint was to send him out, and furnish him with some better employment. 'Go, Satan,' said St. Nicholas, 'and blow into the sails of our ship till we arrive at our destined haven.' Satan, of course, obeyed. Indeed, he could not help himself; and accordingly studied only how he might indulge his inclinations for mischief during this unexpected season of good works. An opportunity was not long in offering. One of the seamen standing in the rigging, just before the now invisible devil, the latter gave

him so severe a puff as to dislodge him, and the consequence was, whether from the noxious character of the blast, or the violence of the fall, cannot be determined,—that the man lay lifeless upon the deck. St. Nicholas, however, was not a man to be overcome by the devil. Indeed, the devil always did get the worst of it in his contests with mortals, at least if we may believe the legends of antiquity. The man was speedily restored to life, and secured by a blessing from such accidents in future."

The author justly remarks, on all these miracles, that they were generally "adapted to favour some peculiar doctrine which was, for the most part, only capable of being so supported. In the earlier ages of the Church this might be intelligible enough, but it becomes strange indeed when we find it adopted almost in our own days."

#### INSECT LIFE.

*Episodes of Insect Life.* By Acheta Domestica, M.E.S. Second Series. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

Of this design we may, parodying a favourite expression, say it is Science in familiar story made Natural History in instruction; and it is hardly possible to imagine it executed in a better or more agreeable manner. We have the wonderful habits, metamorphoses, and varied existences of the insect world tersely described; and we have these descriptions very pleasantly adorned by congenial imagination, and usefully applied to point the moral lesson. And these accessions not dwell upon and spun out; but naturally introduced in neat incidental notices, with an aptitude and effect that greatly enhance the charm of the volume.

With this equally brief and well-deserved eulogy, we go to the proof; only mentioning that besides playful head and tail-pieces, a number of accurately and beautifully coloured representations of the subjects embellish the work. It begins with Lady-birds—*Places and Dances*—and we learn that

"Numerous are the variations of colour and pattern wherewith the pencil of nature delights to enamel the convex surface even of a Lady-bird's wing, or, to speak more correctly, *wing-cases* under cover of which her delicate transparent pinions are curiously folded. Upwards of fifty different *Coccinellide* have been enumerated, mostly distinguished by the numbers of their spots set upon various grounds—red, black, or yellow. Of these perhaps the *Two-spotted* and the *Seven-spotted* are most common, and the *Twenty* or *Twenty-two-spotted* of a light yellow, with eleven spots on each wing-case and five on the thorax, the most elegant. A beautiful variety is described and figured by Curtis, which he calls the eyed or ocellated, from its having red wings with black spots encircled by yellow. We have met now and then with specimens both red and yellow, in which the painting has been made to assume a chequered character by the substitution of squares for spots.

"The Lady-bird mature is still, as in early life, a feeder on *Aphides*, and she is for ever to be observed in the carnivorous act of their destruction. It is said, however, that her voracity decreases with her age, and that instead of pursuing her prey (as when a grub) into the narrow folds of a leaf or retired recesses of a bud, she is content to victimise the open feeders within her more convenient reach."

After other remarks—

"We know of nothing else remarkable about the Lady-bird, except one personal peculiarity not of the most agreeable sort, with which none who have ever handled this little insect can fail to be acquainted:—we mean, of course, that peculiar odour which has led some people to confound it in idea, as well as appellation, with an insect whose very name savours of offence. This forbidding quality is supposed to be defensive, serving as a protection against birds and other enemies. Connected, probably, with the same endowment, and suggested by it, were the curative uses, now obsolete, to which Lady-birds were once applied. The common *Two-spot* variety ejects from its joints, when touched, a yellow fluid of powerful

though not agreeable musky odour, to the supposed virtue of which secretion has been attributed its employment as remedy for tooth-ache; and to the same cause it owes, doubtless, its place in the *Materia Medica* of old, as a cure for cholera.

"Perhaps even these by-gone and problematic uses might be proved by experiment not quite imaginary; but the undoubted, obvious, and important service performed for man by the Lady-bird or *Coccinella* race, is that wherewith we commenced this brief memorial of their merits, namely, their extensive agency in keeping under the *Aphides* or Blight Insects so inimical to vegetation. But for them, and some two or three allies, not a lover of sweet posies could gather a rose unsullied or a honey-suckle undefiled. Let us, for this, do all honour to this red coated race, preservers of our favourite flowers; but above all, let each lover of well-hopped liquors drink in his glass of 'October' destruction to 'the Fly,' and prosperity to the Fly-destroying 'house' and 'children' of the Lady-bird!"

The Butterflies supply a captivating chapter, from which we take, however, only one quotation, relating to the crisis of enlargement from the chrysalis:—

"At this period there takes place a violent agitation in the fluids of the insect, by which they are driven from the internal vessels into all the tubes and nervures of the wings, which being at the same time filled with air from the wind-pipe, increase considerably in size. This, added to the restless motion of the legs, soon enables the imprisoned creature to burst its enshrined skin, which, flying open at the back, discloses the head and shoulder of the butterfly. Being then soon released entirely, it stands for awhile, motionless, on the broken fragments of its late prison—its wings damp and drooping, small and crumpled; but distended by the fresh supply of air, inhaled through the spiracles, they expand so rapidly, that in the space of a few minutes their dimensions are increased five-fold!"

The opening to the account of *Ephemera* may be copied as a fair general example of the writer:—

"We bought, towards the end of last November, a round dozen of cotton hose, which (in our old-fashioned simplicity, judging of things as they are by things as they were) we had fully expected to do their duty, in all integrity, for a term extending certainly much beyond this twentieth day of May. Yesterday, however, old Martha, the mistress and (eke) the mender, of our wardrobe, announced the astonishing fact that our 'stockings were beginning to go.'

"'Bless us!' we exclaimed; 'why it was only in last November that they came.'

"'True enough, Sir,' responded our domestic with a sigh; 'there's nothing lasts in our days; but when I was a girl—'

"'You were the prettiest in the village, eh! Martha!'

"We interrupted, hoping by means of this retrospective compliment to cut short the accustomed comparisons which were always of opposite quality to our short-lived cotton hose. Our manoeuvre was successful; for the compliment itself, having reference, like the yarn it was intended to break, to a remote age, drew at once from out the stores of memory such an intricate mass of tangled threads, that not one could poor Martha single from the mass. She thought no more of stockings, ancient or modern, —so many other things came crowding into head and heart. Confused, partly by these, partly by her old master's gallantry, not a word found utterance, but, with cheeks which glowed like a shrivelled pippin, she dropped a curtsy and withdrew.

"We might have cared less to rid ourselves thus speedily of good Martha's not always unwelcome presence; but our mind had been busy, on her entrance, in choosing a subject for this day's incubation. Her unlooked-for announcement was not sufficiently afflictive to divert our thoughts from the all perfect works of nature; but it served to introduce into the same channel a few comparative reflections on the imperfection of those of art.

"We are no advocate, though thick and thin, for

'the Good Old Times,' into which we should be sorry to find ourselves carried back in other than on the wings of Fancy; but, as regards the fragility and unsoundness of most modern works and ways, the judgment of Martha does not, perhaps, greatly err. Few enough, certainly, in these days, are the things made or done with a view to other than a temporary purpose, and for this reason all our doings (sorry bunglers as we are at best) are ten times more imperfect than they need be.

"Look at that new street, in suburban London, called Atlas Place. Wanting strength to support their own weight, two of the end houses fell beneath the gales of last March. But what of this? They stood their intended day, for they were only built to sell, and were turned into money; they served to 'raise the wind' before the wind razed them. In the centre of the row still stands Atlas House, a manufactory of boarding-school misses, from whence they are to be turned out, exquisitely polished. The polish, it is true, will lie but on the surface, soon to be rubbed off, instead of heightened, by the wear and tear of life. And who can expect it otherwise, knowing that the neat little articles 'finished' at all such establishments are but plated goods, got up only to last their day, to pass with the unwary for sterling metal, and fetch above their value at the matrimonial mart?"

"On a line with Atlas House, but with numbers enough between, for protection of its gentility, is a chandler's shop. On the counter lie numerous *échantillons*, enveloped in the letter-press of a modern author,—a clever writer whose pages deserve no better fate. They were written, two years since, only to please the taste of the day, and now that day is over.

"In the house adjoining, at a front window—But stay! what have we here, just fallen upon the ledge of our own cottage casement? An Ephemeral or May-fly, one, doubtless, of the early swarm which we noticed at nine o'clock this morning rising and falling near the brook at the bottom of the garden. They were then just risen from the water, new-born into air, and into their perfect stage of being. Now it is scence noon, yet of this, and of the greater number of its active fellows, the life is over. Literally, as proverbially, this is the creature of a day;—a day! say rather of a few brief hours; but only let us compare it with the works of art or artifice intended by us for a day's duration.

"Here all is finish and perfection; for Nature metes not the quality of her workmanship by amount of time. Even amongst the beautiful and short-lived flowers some of the most beautiful of all are of all the briefest;—witness that flower of an hour, the *Malva horaria*, the *Favonia*, the *Gum-cistus*, and the *Night-blooming Cereus*."

We cannot help thinking this style very acceptable for readers, young and old; there is a light spirit and freshness about it which, as it were, sugar the sop of information for every palate. But to finish with the Ephemera, persecuted and devoured by fish and birds, on looking at them more closely, we find that though there is a sad picture "of the apparent ills which Ephemeral flesh is heir to, it is nevertheless only a partial one. It represents the creature's condition merely in the last and brightest stage of its existence, and gives, therefore, both a mistaken notion as to the duration of its entire life, and an unjust one as to its being made up of pains and perils. In the form of a brilliant flutterer sporting on the morning or the evening sunbeam, and also for ever on the brink of danger, it is true that the infancy, middle life, and old age of an Ephemeral Fly are all comprehended in less than the compass of a day; yet by each one of the myriads which rise, born as it were, anew, from their native streamlet, the boon of existence has been possessed, and, without doubt, enjoyed for the space of two previous years."

And here we append one of the morals to which we have alluded:—

"The remarkable brevity of the Ephemera's life seems to have attracted the notice of the ancients, Aristotle speaking of little animals on the river

Hyparis which live but for a day; those (he observes) among them which die at eight in the morning die in their youth; those which live to see five in the afternoon, in their old age.

"With one more application to ourselves let us now review the history, as, in the beginning, we examined the structure of our little Day-fly: for in the former, no less than in the latter, is contained a lesson written in characters Divine. What precious time, made up of stray minutes and odd half hours, do we not daily throw away, because 'it is not worth while' to employ them! How many useful works do we deem it not 'worth while' attempting, because life may probably be too short for their completion! How much of mind do we consider it not 'worth while' to cultivate, because hopeless perhaps of living to reap the fruits of our mental labour, forgetting—creatures of a day, as we strive to make ourselves—that we are sowing not for time, but for Eternity! In all these things an Ephemeral Fly may teach us wisdom. Although a few summer hours constitute his all of life, not a moment of those hours is thrown away:—with him all is ceaseless activity and consequent enjoyment; and, early as he dies, it is not until he has performed the purpose of his creation.

"True—but then (say we) he is only a creature of instinct. Suppose he were endowed with understanding, and a knowledge of his own frail nature; then, perhaps, being aware that his existence was so very brief, he might, on rising perfect from his native streamlet, let himself drop back again and be drowned, because to enjoy life till sunset would not be 'worth his while.'—Would our May-Fly be, in this case, veritably a creature of reason? We trow not, or his reason would be, at best, but the reasoning of the day."

The Beetle tribes are prolific in offering themes for the exercise of the writer's talent. Of the Rose Chafer he made an experimental pet, and relates—

"We have now ourselves a pair of these pretty insects caged in an open-worked basket, with serious intent to test the extent of their longevity, said by Roësel to have reached, in an individual of his own keeping, to the term (for an insect patriarchal) of three years. As was done by the German naturalist, we supply our captives, in addition to their favourite roses, with fruit and sugared moistened bread,—a fare with which they seem by no means disposed to quarrel, any more than with each other, and such excellent friends are they, as often (like an insect Helena and Hernia) to

'Have with their *javes* 'sat working at one flower,' or at the demolition of one strawberry.

"Placed at a southern window, they seem quite content to revel in the hearts of gathered roses—appearing to strip the pollen from the golden anthers, and, when roused to more than usual activity by the warmth of the sun, to traverse the open bers of their straw prison, seldom attempting to unfurl their 'silken pennons' from beneath their golden mail. They would prefer, doubtless, ever and anon, to 'fan the gathering breeze,' in a transit from one flower to another, but they certainly submit to their thralldom with a better grace than the wild bird under similar circumstances, and we therefore regard ourselves, as their captors, something less hard hearted than the starling's jailor. 'But where is the use,' says somebody, 'of keeping beetles? They do not sing to you—they do not love you—they do not even know you.' True,—neither, we suspect, do the golden fishes, kept in your window, in crystal captivity. Your finny prisoners will rise perhaps to your hand for a bit of bread, and our mailed ones will come to ours, drawn by the magnet of a strawberry. But the main amusement afforded by your swimming captives is pleasure to the eye, as it follows, with admiration, the brilliant reflexes of their scaly sides; and we affirm that our green and golden favourites, their 'bright endorsement' glittering amongst the roses as they revel in their hearts, are objects to the full as pleasing. By keeping them we are likely also to inform ourselves on the little known subject of insect economy. We find, for instance, that our chafers of the rose, contrary to the usage of the cock-chaffer, go to bed with

the sun; and just as the majority of beetles, which have lurked all day under leafy coverts, stones, and in other darksome hiding-places, begin to wheel their drowsy flight, amidst the shades of evening, these lovers of the light retire with its disappearance, and about sunset regularly hide themselves, for the night, either beneath their roses, or within the bed of light earth with which their basket cage is furnished. We fancy also that by observation of our chaffer's ways we have gained also a little insight into their characters, as socially considered. Though their earthen bed is spacious as a 'bed of Ware,' they are almost invariably, when retired for the night, to be found lying side by side, and, though little enough of animal warmth is likely to be transferable through their coats of mail, they must certainly derive some sense of comfort from proximity.

"That these little creatures, possessed of no audible voice except the loud shrill buzz of their powerful wings while passing through the air or lighting on a rose, have yet a language of their own—a mode of communication and a way of influencing each other's movements—was further proved to us by the following circumstance.

"From June to August of the last summer, instead of a pair we kept a trio of these pretty beetles, which, as regularly as night approached, were in the habit of betaking themselves to rest. On introducing a fourth into the basket, we found that the new-caught stranger, refusing to associate on the first night with his more domesticated associates, remained at the top instead of retiring to the bottom of his prison-house. By the arrival of a second night, you might have supposed the restless intruder somewhat reconciled to captivity, and ready to go to rest quietly with his fellows; but not a bit of it—he had only communicated to them his own sitting-up propensity. Another had accompanied him to the top, and owing, as it seemed, entirely to this 'evil communication,' our little prisoners abandoned for a time their 'good manners,' and, as long as the warm weather lasted, were as often found, after sunset, out of their beds as in them.

"Now if any of our fair friends should feel disposed to try for themselves the keeping of some of these 'loves among the roses,' they may lodge them, if they please, in a style of appropriate elegance. In the stead of a basket let them be provided with a round closely-wired cage, high enough to contain in its centre a branch of roses, and wide enough to admit of a surrounding bed of light earth or sand. An ornamental cage, thus furnished with fresh roses, and tenanted by insects which in resplendency of metallic lustre almost match the humming-bird, would be no disgrace, we take it, to the window of a drawing room or lady's boudoir; neither, we consider, would it be employment unbefitting for ladies' fingers to supply the captives with fresh flowers, or treat them with ripe strawberries.

"Well, but perhaps say you, when the last rose of summer is departed, and the last strawberry is gathered, what then will become of our rose beetles? Why, for lack of summer flowers, the rose, the peony, and elder, they must content themselves with flowers of autumn, dahlia, marigold, and aster, and with autumn fruits, the plum and pear. But when winter comes in earnest? Then it is likely that, according to the usage of their out-door brethren, they retire for the season to chambers underground, your domesticated chafers may betake themselves, for the same, to the bed provided them. In the case, however, (though this is not, we believe, in favour of their longevity,) of their being roused to activity by the warmth of house or fire, a moistened fragment of our 'staff of life' will suffice amply to support the light burthen of their vitality.

"We have said nothing, hitherto, of the earliest, which is almost beyond doubt the longest period of the rose-chaffer's existence, however far extended. Like the rest of its tribe, this pretty beetle undergoes the usual triple metamorphoses of insect life. From an egg laid within the earth, he emerges, a grub or larva, to feed on roots, most usually those of the rose; the 'family tree' from whence his parents, at all



events his mother, has descended. Thus hermit-like, and upon this hermit's fare, he lives in dark seclusion for four years, and when these are over, constructs for himself, about the month of March, a still more straitened cell,—an earth-formed case resembling a pigeon's egg. He proceeds, under its cover, to the second stage of *Pupa*—from thence to the third and last estate; and after remaining yet another fortnight under ground, for his enamelled mail to acquire hardness, comes forth in all his splendour to meet the opening roses."

As regards elegance of figure, however, "Love among the Roses" must resign the palm to this 'Narcissus of the Willow,' often imaged in the glassy streamlet. In richness of enamelled bravery, green, and gold, and purple, the recommended favourites are much upon a par; but there is one personal and peculiar charm possessed by 'he of the willow' over 'he of the rose,' from whom, however, we cannot help suspecting, that the former must once have slyly filched it. This gift, or stolen jewel of attraction, which may very likely turn the scale at once in its possessor's favour, is none other than a delicious perfume, not of musk, but roses, which the Musk-beetle always carries about him, and at times scatters around him with more than usual prodigality. So powerfully, in warm weather, is this scent emitted, that the air in the neighbourhood of an old willow-tree (one of their favourite resorts) has been described as laden with it; and a box wherein one of these insects had been confined was said to have given evidence of the prisoner's sweet presence for six weeks after his release."

This long extract debars us from a very interesting history of the Oak, with its universe of different beetles and other insects living upon, and housed and protected by it; for a "single bough will often present to our view an universe of insect worlds in the numerous galls on leaf, stem, and catkin, differing in size and form, but all produced (as we have seen already) by the puncture of a little fly."

"Even the acorn has its peculiar and appropriate insect; each lichen, moss, and fungus—oak derived—swarms with its insect denizens; while the oak-supported ivy is the grand resort, especially in autumn, of innumerable flies and bees, which, when scarcely another flower is remaining, find food in its honied blossoms and shelter under its glazed foliage."

"In our most imperfect review of the insect tribes, which depend for their all of life and enjoyment on the oak, one can hardly help being reminded of the orders of being more or less indebted to the same vegetable benefactor—even from man, who building house and ship with oak timber, is assisted to perpetuate his thoughts by *oaken* and *insect* galls—to the bird who, building hiserie on oaken branches, derives a part of her support from oak-residing insects, and, by dropping the acorns, helps, in return, to extend the race of her protecting and supporting tree."

"Who can consider these things and not look up with double admiration to the monarch of the forest?"

But we must have done, though there is an excellent tale of a young married couple to tempt us to farther extract, and also a glowing bit of the imaginative in a visionary combat with Gnats, enlarged to the bulk of human creatures. Well—we cannot neglect this specimen—the author has exterminated a multitude of these stingers, and fallen into a doze; when it seemed as if one of them "rose from the ground, and poized in air on a level with our face, set up a shrill hum, which presently assumed the distinctness of angry high-toned speech. 'By what right,' cried the little apparition, 'dilst thou cut short the thread of my joyous life?'"

"Because," answered we, 'as one of creation's lords, we have the privilege of destroying everything that invades our peace.'

"And by what right art thou a lord of creation?"

"By the right of reason."

"Reason!" exclaimed the insect ghost; 'say rather by right of size. Only let my stature equal thine, and see which would then possess the mastery!'"

"As the winged phantom thus addressed us, her tiny form expanded; her long hairy shanks stretching

downwards reached the ground, and upwards waved like spectral arms above our head; her enormous eyes, motionless and prominent, seemed bursting with malignant spleen; her antlers quivered with rage, and, pointing towards us her blood-extracting weapon, straight and long as the stiletto of Italian bandit, she seemed about to plunge it in our heart! We started to our feet in terror; and at that instant a sudden gloom, as of coming twilight, overspread the sky, while a flapping as of the canvas of ten thousand vessels proceeded from a winged multitude, monstrous now in bulk as in number, which filled the air. Attempting to escape, we nearly stumbled over—not a stone—but an enormous beetle (bigger than the biggest turtle ever captured on the shores of the Antilles), and only regained our footing to tread upon the loathsome yielding body of a caterpillar swollen to a serpent's size, and rolling its mutilated length about our ankles. All around, the darkened day-light presented only similar objects, half-revealed; ground, grass, flower, shrub, and tree, all laden or crushed by living masses through which we had, if possible, to force our way in order to gain the shelter of our roof. Armed by desperation, we continued to advance;—and what an advance it was! Pierced by poisoned arrows, swords, and spears, in the shape of what, as stings, we once despised—lacerated by force-jaws armed with shark-like teeth—bruised by violent contact with the mail-clad limbs of grasshopper Goliaths and beetle Bevis's—deafened and bewildered by sounds most strange and threatening, and of volume augmented in proportion to their utterer's bulk—we ran the gauntlet through this infernal crew, and at length, when almost exhausted, reached our door. But entrance was even then not easy, for our portal was barricaded by thick silken ropes stretched across it in all directions. Unable to break, we contrived to sever them with our pocket-knife; but [horror of horrors!] no sooner were the cords divided, than rapidly descending by one of them which hung loose above our head, a spider, big as a baboon, alighted on our shoulders, and made her long hairy legs meet around our neck. By a desperate effort we threw off our disgusting burthen, and, opening the house-door, shut it with all possible celerity; but one of the spider's arms, stretched out to renew her grasp, cracked like a lobster's claw as we jammed it betwixt door and door-frame. As we entered our parlour a deafening buzz was our first salutation, and the daylight, obscured as it was without, could here scarcely penetrate at all by reason of a swarm of gigantic flies, which, unable to find room in the window, were crowding in double and triple ranks around it. Hastily retreating, we descended to the kitchen; but here—how shall we proceed? We had escaped with life from the hideous assemblage through which we had achieved a passage. We had managed to avoid the fangs of the murderous bloated creature which had fastened upon our door, and then fastened upon us. We had shut her out, and we had shut in the swollen sickening blue-bottles; but what we had left behind was nothing to what awaited us—an appalling horror which we shudder to describe."

We must, however, leave the sequel, which is admirably wrought up, to be read with the rest of this most welcome volume.

#### INEDITED WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

WHEN Major George Gordon Byron, calling himself a Son of Lord Byron, announced the publication of these works in London, he was disowned as an impostor, and the thousand inedited letters which he professed to have in his possession, to be imaginary or forged. Mrs. Leigh disowned her *pseudo* nephew, and intimated law proceedings if he attempted to go on. Thus the project was blown upon and defeated. That the "Major" (of no known service) had a bag full of fragments was pretty well understood, and it was believed that they consisted of the *debris* of MSS., &c. &c., entrusted by the late Mr. Murray to Mr. Wright, the arranger and annotator of the large edition of Lord Byron's works, and unused by him in preparing that publication. How the "Major" got

held of the collection is not traceable. Mr. Wright, after a long life of literary labour from the days of the Anti-Jacobin, through Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates, the Debates of the Unreported Parliament, Lord Chatham's Life, and numerous other productions of value, died in poverty, and his papers might be disposed of no one could tell how or whither. What there may be in the mass of which we are now speaking, it is impossible to tell; or how it happened, if they were of any consequence, that Mr. Murray did not recall, but left them in the hands of Wright, who was as painstaking, able, and respectable a book-seller's back, as ever wrought for the trade. But be these things as they may, the aforesaid "George Gordon Byron" has begun to fulfil his threat of publishing in America what he was debarred from publishing in England; and the last No. of the *New York Literary World*, contains the following notice of "The Inedited Works of Lord Byron, now first published from his Letters, Journals, and other MSS., in the possession of his Son, Major George Gordon Byron. Part I. New York: G. G. Byron, 257, Broadway; R. Martin, 46, Ann Street."

Upon this the *New York* editor observes:—

"It is to be remarked that in the ample preface, &c., to the publication before us, Mr. Byron drops his London reference to Mrs. Leigh\* authoritatively denounced, but on page thirty of this issue of the 'Inedited Works,' an important letter is thus introduced:—'The Honourable Mrs. Leigh accompanied this letter with a note, when she kindly sent it to me,' &c."

"What is the publication itself? It is modestly enough headed, 'Additional Notices of the Life of Lord Byron,' and commences with a narrative of the Poet's career in 1811, on the eve of the publication of 'Childe Harold.' This is rather drily and carefully drawn up, mostly an abridgment from Moore's Life, with Moore's quotations set down to the original authorities, Dallas, and others. Eleven letters are interspersed, the first instalment, we presume, of the 'thousand' inedited. These are not in Moore. The first is addressed to Mr. William Miller, bookseller, to whom Dallas had offered the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' Miller objected to the allusions to Lord Elgin, and Byron in his reply states that he is writing on 'Ariosto's plan; that is to say, on no plan at all,' and has 'a predilection for the worst passages,' &c., a civil declinature to Lord Elgin's publisher to make the changes. Letters two, three, five, and six, are addressed to Mr. Wedderburne Webster, and relate to the important matter of an exchange by Byron, with his friend, of a *vis-à-vis* for a certain carriage, in the course of which there is a negotiation about an 'ancient lining,' some light rallying about marriage, and a bit of good advice on a piece of hostile criticism on a friend's poem: 'Judge for yourself.' There are several trifling notes to Dallas, in the adjustment of the publication of 'Childe Harold.' The letter, No. 4, to which we have alluded as coming from Mrs. Leigh, was addressed to her aunt by Lord Byron's mother, on the death of his father. It is inserted in connexion with this remark by the present *Hon. Mrs. Leigh*: 'I think it tells well for him, and for her, and refutes Mr. Moore's charitable aspersions somewhat.' This is the letter:—

"To Mrs. Leigh.

"Aberdeen, August 23rd, 1799.

"My dear Madam,—You wrong me very much when you suppose I would not lament Mr. Byron's death. It has made me very miserable, and the more so that I had not the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him before his death. If I had known of his illness I would have come to him. I do not think I shall ever get the better of it; necessity, not inclination, parted us; at least on my part, and I flatter myself it was the same with him; and notwithstanding all his foibles, for they deserve no worse name, I ever sincerely loved him; and believe me, my dear Madam, I have the greatest regard and affection for you, for the

\* It may be remembered that Mrs. Leigh peremptorily denied his assertion of having had any communication from her.

very kind part you have acted to poor Mr. Byron, and it is a great comfort to me that he was with so kind a friend at the time of his death. You say he was sensible to the last. Did he ever mention me? Was he long ill, and where was he buried? Be so good as to write all those particulars, and also send me some of his hair. As to money matters, they are perfectly indifferent to me. I only wish there may be enough to pay his debts, and to pay you the money you have laid out on his account. I wish it was in my power to do all this; but a hundred and fifty pounds a year will do little, which is all I have, and am due a great deal of money in this country.

"George is well. I shall be happy to let him be with you sometimes, but at present he is my only comfort, and the only thing that makes me wish to live. I hope, if anything should happen to me, you will take care of him. I was not well before, and I do not think that I shall ever recover the severe shock I have received. It was so unexpected. If I had only seen him before he died! Did he ever mention me? I am unable to say more. Believe me, yours, with sincere affection C. BYRON.

"Pray write soon."

"The 'part' is exceedingly well printed, with unusual elegance, and has an elegant prefixed of Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron at Cambridge.

"This is an account of No. I. of Mr. Byron's much talked-of publication. From the prospectus, there appears to be plenty of material ahead, it being there stated of this work that 'it is imagined that it will not exceed four volumes.' The present number contains forty-eight pages. Eight or ten numbers are the fewest to a reasonable volume of the size, so that we may have at least some thirty or forty parts. Of the importance or delicacy of these future portions, or of the author's capacity to handle the vexed questions of Lord Byron's life, we can of course say nothing. By the acknowledged stoppage of the work in England, we may presume strong grounds of objection on the score of property or propriety, for one thousand letters of Byron, &c., would never lack a publisher long under fair circumstances. What were the distinct grounds of the legal interference alleged by the editor; or what was 'the combination of influences' to which he alludes, we know not. Whatever be the grounds, the case evidently is one of literary conflict between the two countries. A book is published here which the law says shall not be published in England. We can imagine no suitable grounds in this case for the discrepancy, and can only, in justice to the parties most interested, regret that the international relations of England and the United States, are not such as to secure uniformity in the exercise of literary rights. It is certainly a great hardship, in the present intercommunication between the countries, that a book which is prohibited on one side of the Atlantic may be issued on the other, and thus virtually be published in both lands."

So far our American contemporary. It remains to be seen if the author can produce what he boasted in his announcement, viz., "about one thousand letters; the 'Ravenna Journal' of the year 1822, enriched with copious notes by the late Sir Walter Scott; numerous unpublished poems, including the suppressed portions of his printed works; and a mass of 'Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Lord Byron,' by the Countess Guiccioli, Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Miss Bristowe; by Archdeacon Spenser, Sir Humphrey Davy, Messrs. Horace Smith, John Taylor, Trelawney, Gordon, Captain Boldero, and others; and numerous letters addressed to Lord Byron by his most familiar friends;" besides the writings, the publication of which had been restrained by an injunction from the Lord Chancellor, on account of their indelicacy and immorality.

#### MODERN ATHENS.

*Sketches of Modern Athens, &c.* By J. N. Abbott. Athens: Pigott. London: Rivingtons. This is a curious volume, and would appear to be written by a young student, and addressed to the calibre of boy readers. On the language, ancient and modern, and on the pronunciation and barbarisms of

the existing population, (nearly a million,) there is a good deal of illustration and remark; but the accounts of manners and customs are meagre. The following example is the most original we have encountered:—

"They are full of superstitions. Some of them believe that when a Jew is buried, and a large stone placed over him, the earth throws the dead body seven times out of the grave, as if reluctant to receive it within her bowels. They say also that a Turk, three days after he is buried, becomes a dog, and escapes from his grave; for which reason they generally style them 'dogs.'"

Stories of robberies and murders are rife; and the ignorance of all classes of the mixed and heterogeneous races who occupy the country, certainly offers a prolific nucleus for every species of vice and crime.

"I was once (says the writer) in Turkey with a Greek priest, of whom I asked some questions about religion; and he could not give me any answer. His only reply was, 'We do not know about those things.' And I know that not merely the priests, but even the bishops and archbishops are ignorant: for when, in the summer of 1845, I was in a city of Turkey where an archbishop lived, I called upon him one day with a Greek, and among other topics of conversation we spoke of the Isthmus of Suez; and he did not know what was the meaning of the word *Isthmus*."

Still "the Athenian University is a large edifice, half marble and half white stone, built in the north part of Athens, to which more than two thousand pupils go every day; and in which are about forty professors."

"There is here a Gymnasium, (as there is also in the greater number of cities in Free Greece,) where are more than one thousand young men, and about twenty masters."

To conclude this slight affair—

"The clergy of enslaved Greece are all ignorant; and the Services being written in ancient Greek, they read it only with their lips, for they do not understand what they are repeating. This ignorance exists not only among the inferior clergy, but among bishops and archbishops, who attain to those offices by purchase."

"I have already spoken of the ignorance of the clergy, and shall therefore dwell no more upon this point, but relate an anecdote showing the actual condition of the Church of Constantinople. In that city there was a person of influence, who had great power over the Patriarch, being a friend of the Sultan. Accordingly, one day when at dinner, being pleased with his cook, he told him that he should be a Bishop, and sent him to the Patriarch with a letter, in which was an order to appoint him a Bishop. Upon this the Patriarch examined the cook as to his theology, and found that, so far from possessing any knowledge on the matter, he was completely ignorant, and, moreover, did not even know how to read or write his own name,—cooking being the only subject upon which he was informed. The Patriarch sent back the cook to his master with an answer, stating that he could not make him a Bishop, as he was not even able to read. The man shortly returned to the Patriarch, with a peremptory order that he should be appointed a Bishop. The Patriarch was thus compelled, *ὁ θεὸς τε καὶ ὁ βασιλεὺς*, to make him a Clergyman one day, and a Bishop the next; so that this excellent cook became without any trouble a Cook-Bishop, and afterwards began to learn to read. Such is the way in which Bishops and Archbishops are appointed in that country, knowing no more of theology than they know of zoology, or any otherology."

#### ATHEISM.

*The Life and Character of Richard Carlile.* By G. J. Holyoake. London: Watson, and others. If you pass through many of the narrow bye-streets of London and the environs, you may see hundreds of the lower orders, lads and boys, loitering at dingy shop windows in which prints approaching indecency, vulgar wood-cuts, and strange-looking publications of ballads, pamphlets, and small ware are exposed. They seem to take a similar interest in them to that which amateurs used to take in works of high art and

bibliographical luxuries—(for the taste, we fear, is nearly extinct.) Among these repositories, the performance before us is a trump card. Where there is much to sow discontent and tend to the disorganization of society, to spread immorality and irreligion, a life of the impious Richard Carlile must be a welcome accession. But after all, what can be the use of biography when it is not of a human being born to immortality, but as it were of a dog whelped, leading the life of a mere animal, and dying the death of a soulless beast. Richard Carlile proclaimed himself an Atheist. "I advocate," he wrote, "the abolition of all religions, without setting up anything new of the kind."

"I may have said," he adds, "that the changes observed in phenomenon argue the existence of an active power in the universe, but I have again and again renounced the notion of that power being intelligent or designing. It is not till since my imprisonment that I have avowed myself Atheist." He reached the climax of his Atheism; adds his congenial biographer, "on the title page to his tenth volume of the *Republican*, where he declared 'There is no such a God in existence as any man has preached; nor any kind of God'; and this declaration was so far carried out in detail, as to exclude from the *Republican* the terms *God, nature, mind, soul, and spirit*, as words without prototypes."

His end was of a piece, and Mr. Holyoake (what a name for so unholily and unstable a person!) tells us—"Carlile's burial took place at Kensal Green Cemetery. He was laid in the consecrated part of the ground—nearly opposite the mausoleum of the Ducrow family. At the interment, a clergyman appeared, and with the usual want of feeling and of delicacy, persisted in reading the Church service over him. His eldest son Richard, who represented his sentiments as well as his name, very properly protested against the proceeding, as an outrage upon the principles of his father and the wishes of the family. Of course the remonstrance was disregarded, and Richard, his brothers, and their friends left the ground."

The dead Dog was indeed in the estimation of his biographer a glorious Man. "No taunt deterred him, no threat intimidated him, no smile seduced him. Carlile was perfectly able to stand alone. He avowed himself an Atheist when no one else did. When he understood that arbitrary checks to population were necessary, he said so; and distinguishing the particular kinds of checks, disguisedly hinted at by Political Economists, or anonymously broached in handbills, he specified them, and added these words"—[too infamous to repeat, and the doctrines of a murderer.]

And so the miscreant has a miscreant to praise him; and such are the publications permitted to poison the minds of thousands of the ignorant, while we are boasting of our efforts in the cause of general education!

#### SUMMARY.

*Alison's History of Europe.* Vol. IX. Blackwoods. THE rapidity with which these sterling and standard volumes are issued does great credit to the publishers. Solid in form and solid in information, they look like giants (as they truly are) in literature among the puny offspring of the day; and their importance seems to increase when compared with the surrounding insignificance. The present volume occupies the space from 1809 to 1811, a space hardly surpassed in interest by any two years of the mighty European struggle; and portraits of George III., Lord Castlereagh, and the Empress Josephine (Napoleon's guardian spirit), adorn it.

*Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.* Vol. III. Bentley. THE completion of this extremely neat edition, by which one of the most standard works of the time can be acquired at so reasonable a price, again commands our praise. As it is now so easily within the means, so do we recommend it to the attention of readers of every kind, to whom the really instructive is of more value than the merely entertaining.



## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 10th.—Mr. G. Bellas Greenough, V.-P. in the chair. Read:—1st, Extracts from a letter by Dr. J. D. Hooker to his father, Sir W. J. Hooker, dated "Sept. 13th, 1849, *Lachong River*, Thibet frontier," in the Eastern Himalayas, and which was only received on November 26th last, describing a fourth entrance from Sikkim into Thibet, over that vast Alpine range, by a pass never before attained to by any European traveller—called the *Donkiah Pass*. This is at an elevation of about 18,000 feet, near the course of the river Lachong, which rises in some lakes at the base of Mount Donkiah, which is above 23,900 feet in height. The Lachong thence flows south to Choongtam, where it unites with the Lachen River, coming from the north-west, and previously explored by Dr. Hooker. From the summit of the Donkiah Pass, the writer had a noble and extensive prospect for a distance of sixty miles into Thibet, the view being bounded by a lower distant chain of mountains. Dr. Hooker was disappointed at the size of the adjoining plains of Cholamo on the west of the Donkiah Pass, and also at the lakes, these being less than he had before expected to find them. His description, however, of the extent and enormous mass of snow, and of the magnificent blue glaciers that fill all the gorges and gullies of these Alpine regions, and of the immense iceicles hanging from the rocks of gneiss, was extremely graphic; and it stated that nowhere had he witnessed such scenes of snow and ice, both in extent and continuity, except in the newly-discovered islands and districts of the South Polar region. Among other novelties detailed in his letter, Dr. Hooker mentioned two very remarkable facts:—1st, the discovery of a *Lichen* which he had only before seen on the rocks in Cockburn Island, in the South Polar Sea; it is named *Lecanora Triniana*, and it was found on the Donkiah rocks, colouring them a bright orange red colour, in the same way as it does those of that Southern Island, and which is so effulgent as in both localities to be visible at a distance of several miles; and 2nd, the existence of *hot springs*, containing sulphurous hydrogen gas, under Mount Donkiah, and which issue forth about the line of perpetual snow. At the conclusion of this paper, which was illustrated by two sketch-maps, Dr. Gutzlaff, who has just returned from China, made some very interesting observations. He mentioned the important news that the Celestial Empire was now open to all travellers—the emperor having recently taken off the former old prohibition. Dr. Gutzlaff recommended some European travellers to proceed over this stupendous Himalayan chain into Thibet, investigating the plateaux of that unknown country, and thence descending to the tributaries and sources of the Yang-tze-kiang, to follow the course of that immense river through China to the sea. This noble tour—through a vast and unknown territory—would, he felt confident, (and he lamented his own want of strength to do so) be productive of the greatest and most important discoveries in geography, as well as in other branches of science.\* 2nd. Col. Lloyd "On Madagascar," illustrated by Mr. Arrowsmith.

## CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 19th.—Prof. Graham, V.P., in the chair. Read: 1. "Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea," by Messrs. J. C. & W. Herapath. The specimen of water which formed the subject of this analysis was collected by Mr. C. J. Monk, on the 10th March, 1849, at the north-west extremity of the lake, and about half a mile from where the river Jordan enters, but apart from the influence of the stream of fresh water. Its specific gravity was 1.17205, at 66° F.; its boiling point was 221.75°, the barometer being 29.74 in., and atmospheric temperature 47.75°. It produced a sensation bordering on sickness when swallowed; it did not affect the blue or red colour of litmus, or paper impregnated with acetate of lead. It yielded

\* For other interesting results of Dr. Hooker's travels in Thibet, see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1708.

in the 100 parts, 24.05 of solid ingredients, consisting of chloride of sodium, 12.11; chloride magnesium, 7.82; chloride calcium, 2.45; chloride potassium, 1.22; chloride manganese, 0.06; chloride aluminium, 0.056; chloride ammonium, 0.006; bromide magnesium, 0.25; sulphate lime, 0.07; nitrogenous organic matter, 0.06. 2. "Analysis of the deep well water at the Royal Mint, with some remarks on the waters of the London wells," by Mr. Wm. Thos. Brande. The author commences his paper by an interesting description of the structure of the well, and the various depths of strata gone through from the surface to the chalk, which was bored to the depth of 202 feet, the total depth of the well being 426 feet. From this source the whole supply of the Mint and Tower is now drawn—a consumption often exceeding 46,000 gallons in the day. The specific gravity at 55° F. is 1.0007 (the contents were given in a previous number of the *Gazette*). Mr. Brande then gives a cursory review of the waters from many of the sources from which the neighbourhood of London is supplied; these are divided into the rivers and land springs which rise from the strata above the blue clay, and the deep or artesian wells, as they have been designated, the waters of which are derived from the strata below the blue clay, and many of which penetrate into the chalk. A tabulated statement of the solid contents of these various waters closes this important subject. An interesting and animated discussion followed the reading of this paper, in which it was clearly evidenced that the present supplies in many parts around London are very deficient, and the quality bad; and also that the deep wells can never be relied upon as a permanent source for the supply of the metropolis.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Dec. 11th.—Mr. J. Field, President, in the Chair. Read:—"On the Facilities for a Ship Canal communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Panama," by Lieut.-Col. Lloyd. In treating this subject, which, on account of recent events, has become one of great importance to the political and the mercantile world, the author brought to bear all the knowledge and experience acquired during a lengthened residence in South America, when serving in the Colombian Engineers, under General Bolivar, from whom, after much difficulty, he obtained permission to make the first survey of the Isthmus. Col. Lloyd inclines to the formation of a Ship Canal, in preference to a Railroad; he denies that there are any obstacles to its accomplishment, but, on the contrary, asserts so many local advantages to exist and to be concentrated nearly at one point, that in after ages it will be a matter of wonder why so many generations should have neglected, or refused to render them available, towards the establishment of this long-coveted communication between the two oceans. The line he prefers is that which, starting from the beautiful bay of Limon, would proceed by a short canal, through a flat country, to the river Chagres, thence up the river Trinidad, as far as its depth would suit, and then cutting a canal into the Rio Grande, debouching at Panama. No great chain of mountains, as had been fancifully depicted on suppositious charts, had any existence, except in the imagination of the designer, and this line, it was contended, in the present state of the science of Engineering, presented no obstacles to prevent a canal being cut of sufficient depth and dimensions to float, from one river to the other, the largest ship in Her Majesty's Navy. The means of accomplishing the work were then fully considered, and it was stated that a great deal of native labour might be obtained at a cheap rate; sixpence, or ninepence per day, and his rations, consisting of a pint of rice, a pound of dried beef, and a "golpe d'agnardiente," being the ordinary pay of a "Peon." The chief point, however, insisted on by the author, was the great field opened in the Isthmus for emigration for the surplus population of this country. He contended that it was far preferable to the Canadas or to Australia. It was comparatively within an easy distance; the emigrant would be at his destination

almost on landing; the resources of the country were great, and the productions varied and cheap, whilst the present population was infinitely disproportioned to the superficial area of the country. This point was strongly insisted on, and it was argued, that a grant of land might be easily obtained, in liquidation of the debt owing by the Government of the country, and as the British had once possessed an establishment there in 1675 to 1690, under the charter of the "Scotch Darien Company," so a footing being again obtained, a barrier of the most formidable character would be opposed to the annexation propensities of our transatlantic brethren, who were making rapid strides towards the possession of this valuable tract. Appended to the paper was a copy of the commission granted to Lieut.-Col. Lloyd, by General Bolivar, authorising his examination and survey of the Isthmus, and of the rivers, which had previously been most jealously refused to every one. This document was alluded to with some natural pride, as proving, that to an English Engineer was due the merit of having been the first to examine and propose a work of such vital importance to the whole world, but which had been since claimed, and, in fact, appropriated by other persons without acknowledgment.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 5.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Bachelors of Divinity*.—Rev. J. W. Blakesley; Rev. R. C. Trench.  
*Masters of Arts*.—J. Fearnside, J. B. James, St. John's; J. M. Lukin, St. Peter's; G. J. Lyons, Trinity.  
*Bachelor of Medicine*.—W. A. Rogers, Caius.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—S. E. Bond, St. John's; R. Knight, Queen's; J. Shuldham, J. Starkey, Trinity.  
OXFORD, Dec. 6.—Rev. G. A. Trevor, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—  
*Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity by Accumulation*.—The Rev. A. E. Sketchley, Magdalen Hall.  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. W. Hutchinson, All Souls; Rev. G. Walkem, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. W. Tomkin, Wadham; Rev. H. Morgan, Jesus.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—Rev. J. W. C. Hughes, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. Paul, Magdalen Hall; G. R. Fenwick, H. W. Sotheby, Alban Hall; W. F. Buchanan, Exeter; W. R. Burrell, Queen's; H. Latham, H. Temple, Brasenose; C. C. Price, J. O. Ryder, Pembroke; J. F. Russell, H. J. Marten, Wadham; E. D. Cleaver, Christ Church; W. F. Smith, St. John's.

## HORE ÆGYPTIACÆ.—NO XII.

## Concluding Remarks.

It is incumbent upon me to apologise for the unavoidable disorder in which the several subjects of the preceding papers have been presented to the reader. As soon as the notions explained in each number had been formed and put in writing, that number was immediately transmitted to England for publication; and, in proceeding with my investigations, I have been frequently led to make additions to remarks on a subject treated not immediately before, or to insert observations intimately connected with such a subject. I shall therefore here offer a brief recapitulation, presenting the principal matters of investigation in the order in which they should have been put forth, if, at the commencement of the publication, I had completed all my notes.

Had I to recompose my notes, I should again commence with the explanation of the astronomical ceiling of the Ramesseum of El-Kurneh, (No. 1.) The first and second of the great divisions of this ceiling contain representations of what I have termed the heliacal risings of certain stars and asterisms, (No. 1.) The sense in which the term "heliacal rising" is here used, is explained in a late paper, (No. 8.) In the centre of the first great division is represented the rising of Sothis on the fourth day of the Epagomenæ; then proceeding towards the left, the rising of the Zodiacal constellation Libra in the fourth month; then, at the left extremity of the table, the rising of the Phoenix; then, continuing our examination from the right extremity towards the centre, from which we commenced, the rising of the con-

stellation of "the Ship" is represented, in the ninth month; then the rising of Aries in the tenth month; and lastly, the rising of a constellation which may be Gemini, beneath the twelfth month and the early part of the Epagomenæ, (No. 1.) In a compartment beneath Mesori and the Epagomenæ, in the second great division, the risings of six constellations, among which we find Orion and Taurus, are represented, (No. 1.) The rising of Sothis, here recorded, presents an important illustration of the cycle commonly called the Sothic, which is well known to have consisted of 1461 Vague, and 1460 Julian years, commencing when Sothis rose on the first day of the first month of the Vague year, (No. 1.) The rising of the Phoenix has led me to the discovery of the true Phoenix period, a cycle similar in character and length to the Sothic, but commencing at a different point of time—namely, when Atair (*a* Aquile) rose on the first day of the Vague year, (No. 8.) The Phoenix cycle was divided into four great panegyric years, each consisting of 365 Julian years, (Nos. 6 and 9;) and each great panegyric year contained twelve great panegyric months, each of which was again subdivided into twenty-four great panegyric half-months, (No. 6.) There was also a period of sixty years symbolized by a crocodile's egg, which may be called a double great panegyric month, (No. 6.) Another period was the capital year or period of 146 Julian years, which was the tenth part of the Phoenix cycle, (No. 9.) The third main division contains representations of the symbols of the autumnal equinox, of the vernal equinox, and of a point of time a month preceding the latter equinox, (No. 1.) These representations, as well as the common nomenclature of the months, show us the characteristics of the Egyptian tropical year, (No. 1;) and these, together, explain the character and length of a great period, which I call the Rok-h cycle, and which contained 1500 Vague years, (No. 1.) The determination of the commencements of two Rok-h cycles, (No. 1,) enable us with the utmost exactness to fix the commencements of great panegyric years, *G. P. M.'s*, *G. P. 4 M.'s*, (Nos. 6 and 7,) of Phoenix periods, (No. 8,) and of capital years, (No. 9,) and thus to obtain fixed dates in the ancient Egyptian chronology, from the period of the pyramids to that of the Greek kings of Egypt. These dates have been mentioned in their proper order, (tables in Nos. 7 and 10.)

After fixing dates by means of the ancient Egyptian divisions of time, I should have proceeded to examine the chronology and history of the first nineteen dynasties, as presented to us by the monuments, and by Manetho, and other ancient authorities, (No. 2.) The contemporaneity of many of these dynasties is proved on the authority of the monuments, (Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, and 10.) My uncle (Mr. E. W. Lane) some years ago discovered the order of the contemporaneity of the first seventeen dynasties, and I have been enabled, from the monuments, to confirm his scheme of contemporaneity most amply. The lists of El-Karnak, (No. 3,) those of the Pyramids, (No. 7,) and those of Chenoboscion, furnish us with means of comparing Manetho with the monuments. The next authorities are the lists of Manetho as preserved by Africanus, Eusebius, Josephus, &c., which, though in a much injured state, we are enabled to rectify, to a certain extent, by a comparison with the monuments, (Nos. 6 and 10.) The list of Eratosthenes does not deserve much attention, although it is in favour of the system of chronology which I have adopted, (No. 9.) There are, moreover, many statements ascribed to Manetho, some of which are undoubtedly false, while others are probably so; but these can be easily distinguished from the true history of Manetho, (No. 9.)

The date of the accession of Menes, the first King of Egypt, is probably that of the commencement of the first great panegyric year and first capital year, (Nos. 7 and 10.) Eratosthenes and Josephus place his accession somewhat later—namely, about 2300 years *B.C.*, instead of 2715. The history of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth dynasties, is but scantily furnished us by Manetho and the monuments, (Nos. 2, 6, and 7;) and the latter give us but one

date, that of the commencement of what I have called the second great panegyric year in the time of Suphis I., the builder of the great pyramid, and second king of Manetho's fourth dynasty, *B.C.* 2350, (Nos. 6, 7, and 10.) Strong confirmations of this date are afforded by a consideration of the similarity of the sculptures of the fourth and twelfth dynasties, and from other circumstances, (Nos. 6 and 7.) In considering this and the preceding date, I adduced strong evidence from the monuments as to the length of the period from Menes to the Shepherd-invasion, (Nos. 6 and 7.) Of the sixth and seventh dynasties little is known beyond the names of some of the kings, and the corrections that are requisite in Manetho's text, (Nos. 3, 6, and 10.) The records of the kings of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth dynasties, furnish several instances of contemporaneity, and give us great insight into the state of Egypt at that early period, (Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 8.) There are two recorded dates in the course of the twelfth dynasty, that of the commencement of a Rok-h cycle, *B.C.* 2005, in the course of the reign of Amenemhat II., (No. 1;) and the appearance of the Phoenix, or commencement of a Phoenix cycle, in the reign of Sesertesen III., the true Sesostri, *B.C.* 1885, (Nos. 8 and 10.) Connected with the history of these dynasties is the history of the Shepherds, whose kings composed the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth dynasties, as well as the history of the Israelites in Egypt, of their oppression and their Exodus, (Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 10.) This part of the Egyptian history is the most important and interesting, from the striking manner in which it illustrates the ancient colonization of Europe and Western Asia. Manetho's statements respecting these Shepherds have been carefully examined, and their remarkable agreement with the monuments has perfectly convinced me of his veracity as a historian, (Nos. 3 and 5.) Then should follow the investigation of evidence as to the early connexion between Greece, Egypt, and other countries, during the Shepherd-period, (No. 4.) The next subject is the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt and their Exodus, (Nos. 4, 5, and 10.) From the comparison that I have instituted between the Jewish and Egyptian chronologies, it appears that the Exodus took place at the close of the eighth dynasty, (Nos. 5 and 10.) From a consideration of the characteristics of the Jewish year as compared with those of the Vague Egyptian year, I became convinced that the true date of the Exodus of the Israelites was in the year *B.C.* 1652, and some chronological facts recorded in the Bible strongly confirm this view, (No. 10.) Next to this, we should consider the chronology and history of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, (No. 11.) During these dynasties we have two astronomical dates, one in the time of Amenoph II., *B.C.* 1453, and the other in that of Ramesses II., *B.C.* 1330-1327, which furnish us with an approximate chronology, (Nos. 7 and 11.) We should then explain the reason of the silence of the Bible as to the expeditions of the kings of Egypt, (No. 11.) Then we should consider the Exodus of the Shepherds if everything were noticed in chronological order, (No. 11;) but in this case, it is better to give the whole Shepherd history together. The next remarkable event in the history of these dynasties is the settlement of a foreign tribe of sun-worshippers in Egypt, and their rule over the country for several years: their history throws considerable light upon the antiquity of that religion which is commonly supposed to have been instituted by Zoroaster, (No. 11.) Then we find an account in the inscriptions at Thebes of the expulsion of a race of Shepherds from the eastern part of Lower Egypt, by Sethe I., or Sethos, the father of Ramesses II. (No. 11.) Next, we should compare Manetho's account of the history of Danaus and Egyptus with that furnished us by the Greek historians, (Nos. 4 and 11.) Lastly, I have briefly examined and commented upon the traditional account, a second great Shepherd-invasion, furnished us by Manetho, (No. 11.) Such are the principal subjects that I have examined in investigating the history and chronology of the first nineteen dynasties; I have also introduced some particulars relating to

the later dynasties, principally dates during the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, (No. 7.)

I must express my obligations to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, for his having greatly promoted these investigations, during his last visit to Egypt, in discussing with me every point of importance in the first four numbers (all that I had then written), as well as for the kindness and liberality which he showed me in allowing me to examine and copy many of his unpublished transcripts from Egyptian monuments. Also, to my highly respected and most generous friend, the Rev. J. R. T. Lieder, of Cairo, for supplying me with many valuable books; and to my excellent friend, A. C. Harris, Esq., of Alexandria, for directing my attention to several important hieroglyphic inscriptions, and kindly presenting me with copies of some of them which I had not seen.

The observations which I have offered to the public in this journal cannot be fully understood without a previous general knowledge of what is now termed "Egyptology." To those who desire to acquire such knowledge, and have not time or inclination to study many works, I would recommend Mr. Gliddon's *Chapters on Early Egyptian History*, as a most excellent epitome; though I differ very widely from its author with respect to the chronology of Egypt, and several other matters of investigation, upon which he has stated his opinions in the later editions of that work, and in subsequent publications, relying, as it appears to me, too much upon others, and too little upon his own judgment and talents, which formerly led him to different conclusions.\*

#### Errata in Nos. 1—11.

- No. 1, Col. 3, line 6 from bottom, for Chocak, read Chocak.  
 .. Col. 5, note 1, for Sesertesen, read Sesertesen.  
 .. .. note 1, for Amenemha, read Amenemhas.  
 No. 2, Col. 3, line 9 from bottom, delete marks of quotation.  
 No. 3, Table, No. 10, for Ra-nub-ken, read Ra-nub-ken.  
 .. .. No. 14, for Ra-sebek (nefra), read Ra-sebek (nefra).  
 .. .. No. 25, for Buon, read Buon.  
 .. .. No. 26, for Pachuan, read Pachman.  
 .. .. No. 27, for Jannas, read Iannas.  
 .. .. Col. 3, last line, and note 1, for Jannas, read Iannas.  
 .. .. Col. 5, line 3, for 'Avaris' Herbulit, read Avaris, he rebuilt it.  
 .. .. line 25, for Avarit, read Avarit.  
 .. .. Col. 6, line 21, for Ra-nub-ken, read Ra-nub-ken.  
 No. 4, Col. 1, line 48, for 2092, read 2091.  
 .. .. line 55, for El-Param, read El-Param.  
 .. .. Col. 3, line 19 from bottom, for Adyarc, read 'Aduarc.  
 .. .. Col. 4, line 48, for Ra-en-hua, read Ra-en-ma.  
 .. .. line 61, for Horns, read Horus.  
 .. .. line 7 from bottom, for there, read three.  
 No. 5, Col. 4, line 3, for Misparmuthos, read Misparmuthos.  
 .. .. line 26, for Ebron, read Ekron.  
 No. 6, Col. 3, line 10, for general panegyric, read great panegyric.  
 .. .. Col. 4, line 3, for Chlops, read Cheops.  
 .. .. .. for kings, read king.  
 .. .. line 51, for kings, names, and reigns, read kings' names and reigns.  
 .. .. Col. 5, line 33, for Abou-Raweysh, read Abou-Raweysh.  
 No. 7, Col. 1, line 20, for part, read plate.  
 .. .. line 9 from bottom, for Elephantina, read Elephantine.  
 .. .. line 6 from bottom, for Menkenra, read Menkenra.  
 .. .. Col. 3, line 24, for wasan, read solar.  
 .. .. Col. 4, line 12, for Petamenah, read Petamenop.  
 .. .. line 31, for Thormyrus, read Thannyrus.  
 .. .. line 32, for Aryandus, read Aryandes.  
 .. .. line 58, for Thormyrus, read Thannyrus.  
 No. 8, Col. 2, line 42, for panegyrics, read panegyrics.  
 No. 9, Col. 2, lines 39, 41, 51, and 66, for Energetes, read Energetes.  
 No. 11, Col. 1, last line, for kings, reigns, read kings' reigns.

LONDON, November, 1849.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

#### ARCHÆOLOGY.

##### ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

At the meeting yesterday-week, Mr. Hawkins in the Chair, a number of interesting antiquities and articles of virtu were laid on the table and hung on the walls.

\* We need hardly repeat our note that the whole of this series of Papers on Egyptian Chronology and History will be contained in the volume of the *Literary Gazette* for the present year. Also, that the investigation of ancient Egypt, by Aleph, has run along contemporaneously; and that every archaeological discovery and investigation has been fully described and reported, for the first time in periodical literature.—*Ed. L. G.*



The first paper read gave a detailed account of the opening of Silbury Hill (frequently noticed in recent *Gazettes*) the only result of which was stated to be the determination that it was not monumental. We are not quite convinced that this can be considered proved by the excavation, or by the shaft previously sunk by the Duke of Northumberland, within four inches of which the later works penetrated. They certainly came to the made earth; but might not a tomb be cut into the natural ground and only covered by the artificial soil? The next paper was illustrated by many drawings, and we could not hear it distinctly enough to report.

#### ROMAN REMAINS AT UPHAM, HANTS.

Information respecting recent discoveries at Upham, near Owslebury, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham, has been laid before the Council of the British Archaeological Association. In the woodland, and hitherto neglected country around Upham, about three quarters of a mile from Black-Down house, Mr. Stevens, in grubbing a copse, has, unexpectedly, ascertained that the land now covered with wood was once occupied by Roman villas. What appeared to be earth banks are, in reality, walls two or three feet high, covered with the accumulated soil of ages, which nourishes not merely bushes and underwood, but also trees of considerable size. Mr. Stevens, directly he ascertained the character of the foundations, gave orders that the workmen should proceed with care, so as to avoid the unnecessary destruction of the remains. In consequence of this precaution, walls, one hundred and twenty feet in length and thirty-six wide, have been traced, with indications of enclosed apartments, and also a passage eighteen feet in length, on the sides of which the coloured plaster yet adheres. Within these walls excavations have as yet scarcely commenced; yet the objects found leave no doubt that the remaining are of a domestic building or buildings of considerable extent. Nearly twenty waggon-loads of roof tiles have been taken out; they are hexagonal in form, and of a kind of thin stone, brought apparently from a distance. The colours of the wall paintings are buff, blue, brown, and green. Fragments of pottery have also been found, as well as the horn and bones of the red deer, and other animals. From the intelligence of the proprietor, as well as from the good taste he has shown in taking measures to preserve these remains of antiquity, we may expect before long to be able to report more fully on this interesting discovery. It may be observed, that the site is not far from that of the Roman road which led from *Venta* (Winchester) to *Claesentum* (Bittern); and not above six miles, if so far, from Bramden, where are the beautiful tessellated pavements discovered several years since, and by the liberality of the late Mr. Greenwood (one of the original members of the Association), enclosed with walls, and roofed in.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

MONDAY the 10th, being the eighty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the distribution of prizes took place—including the three gold medals for original historical compositions. In painting, and the subject "An Act of Mercy," the first was awarded to J. A. Vinter; in sculpture, the "Abduction of Proserpine," to E. J. Physick; and the third to A. Allom, for an architectural design for a Royal Academy. Each medal confers an equal degree of honour, and they carry with them the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West. On the names of the three successful candidates being announced, we could not but remark the difference with which they were received by the general body of students. The names of Vinter and Allom met with hearty bursts of enthusiasm, which showed how well they deserved the honour; while the announcement of the sculptor's name was marked with comparative silence,—not silence, it is true, (men must always have personal friends)—but more than enough to be very significant; and on inquiry we found that the author of the best

model, both as regarded conception and execution, had fallen a victim to a rule, acknowledged to be a useless one—namely, that the competitors shall make a drawing at the Academy the same year, during the time the school is open. Absence from London, it appears, on account of ill health, and a physician's certificate of the fact, was not enough here, as it is in most cases, to relax a law like those of the Medes and Persians. Yet to our thinking it would have been better to have adopted this course (for the council have the power), than to let merit be treated with injustice. Speaking here partly from our own examination, partly from the verdict pronounced, by the coldness with which the fiat was received, we trust to see both models in the forthcoming exhibition. The other prizes were awarded as follows:—To Mr. F. Pickering, for the best Painting from the Life, the silver medal.—To Mr. Edmund Eagles, for the best Drawing from the Life, the silver medal and the Lectures of Fuseli, Howard, and Flaxman.—To Mr. C. Rolt, and Mr. L. C. Wyon, for the next best Drawings from the Life, the silver medals.—To Mr. W. Jackson, for the best Model from the Life, the silver medal.—To Mr. Alfred F. Young, for the best Drawings of the south Portico of St. Paul's Cathedral, the silver medal.—To Mr. C. Rolt, for the best copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal, and Fuseli and Howard's Lectures.—To Mr. S. B. Clarke, for the next best copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal.—To Mr. A. Hughes, for the best Drawings from the Antique, the silver medal, and Fuseli and Howard's Lectures.—To Mr. C. Wright, for the next best Drawings from the Antique, the silver medal.—To Mr. W. Short, for the next best Drawings from the Antique, the silver medal.—To Mr. C. Sammers, for the best Model from the Antique, the silver medal, and Fuseli and Flaxman's Lectures.

Sir Martin Archer Shee was re-elected President. Council.—(New List)—R. Westmacott, jun., D. Macleise, W. F. Witherington, and S. A. Hart, Esqs. (Old List)—C. W. Cope, W. Dyce, E. Landseer, R. Cook, Esqs.

Sir James Clark Ross. Painted by Pickersgill. Engraved by Augustus Fox.

This excellent likeness of our most gallant Navigator was noticed with the applause it deserved when it appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. As it was then seen and admired, it may now, in a faithful and well-executed transcript, be possessed as coveted by a numerous public circle. Among our naval heroes, history will record few more justly famous than Captain Sir James Clark Ross; and his portrait, like himself, will accordingly be sought far beyond the present time by succeeding generations of those who recognise the most sterling and noble qualities of the British sailor. It is not a victory, however glorious; a St. Vincent, Camperdown, Nile, or Trafalgar, that fully develops the merits of that character, though sufficient to stamp a title to everlasting fame. Skill, conduct, fearless bravery, and even genius, are attributable to the achievers of such illustrious exploits and services on which the fate of nations hang. But a meed, if less brilliantly won, is not less justly due to that other description of patriotic devotedness which has distinguished such men as Parry, Franklin, Ross. The glory they have sought is of a humbler colour. The halo for which they have perilled health and life is nothing so radiant as victory bestows. They have risked their "Westminster" amid the desolation of thick-ribbed ice, a tomb in the unbroken silence and solitude of eternal snow. On the list how exalted stands the original of this work of art! To do honour to his native land, or to illustrate the sacred cause of friendship and humanity, he has calmly braved every danger that could appal the stoutest heart. Arctic and Antarctic regions have witnessed his undaunted perseverance and resolution. The equal mind and ardent soul never deserted him. No emergency shook his fortitude or caught him unprepared with the most effectual of a seaman's resources. His companions and crews were as his children; and thus it is to be truly great. Can we therefore but with cordial satisfaction welcome this

resemblance of so gallant a contemporary? Assuredly it affords us a sincere pleasure, and sure we are that the English public will place the picture among its most favoured Lares.

Guizot. "Claudet, Daguer." London: Claudet; Ackerman & Co.

This is a very fine likeness of a very great man; and replete with character and sentiment. When we look upon the head and countenance, we cannot but think that the owner must yet have a grand rôle to play in the destinies of Europe. The fine reflective tone and the intellectual power can never be quenched even by such circumstances as we have witnessed; and we shall augur better for the future, when we hear the name of Guizot mentioned as a leading light in the political sphere. This portrait is a valuable transcript of his lineaments, and must be very popular in France as well as England.

Mme. Anna Thillon, from a daguerreotype, by Claudet, is a clever life-like portrait, tastefully executed, and with a costume and accessories which tell well in picture. The lithographer has done justice to the original, and added a pretty popular favourite to our theatrical range.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Wednesday.

We have had this week a grand literary ceremony—the formal reception of a new member of the *Académie Française*. This new member was the Duke de Noailles; the chair of which he took possession was that which Chateaubriand occupied. De Noailles and Chateaubriand—these are great names in France, and their junction, on such an occasion, at this peculiar period, has occasioned considerable interest. The Duke de Noailles is chief of one of the most illustrious of the patrician houses of this country, and is a great-political personage—a parliamentary speaker of some pretensions to eloquence, and one of the leaders of the great and powerful legitimist party. It was his wealth, his name, his political standing, which secured his election to the Academy: not his literary qualifications, for these are small indeed compared to those of his competitors, inasmuch as they consist only of the authorship of a *Life of Madame de Maintenon*, compiled chiefly from family papers. But the smaller the Duke's literary merits, the greater was the triumph of his election, in the estimation of his friends, his party, and his class. It was indeed a proud thing for them to see Chateaubriand's personal friend succeed him in a learned and literary body; a prouder for the political partisan to win a victory from men to whom his principles are hostile; a prouder still for the *grand seigneur* to elbow the plebeian scribe to the door, in a place in which worldly rank should be of no avail, and under a government which proclaims in its constitution and its laws that *equality* is one of the principles on which it is based.

As usual on academical receptions, the new member delivered an eulogium on his immediate predecessor. It was of great length, displayed great talent throughout, and in parts was truly eloquent. But really the Duke made far too much of poor dear M. Chateaubriand. He was a distinguished writer, no doubt—he was an eminent statesman, if you will—he was a chivalrous *gentilhomme* of the old school undeniably—and he rendered no small services to liberty: but it by no means follows that "generations will bow before him from age to age;" or that he "marched at the head of his century, and has become one of the immortal glories of his country;" or that he received "from Providence the noblest mission ever conferred on man, that of restoring faith by the *prestige* of genius;" or that "his name is united to all the glories of our time;" or that "the rays of his glory have constantly been mixed with the rays of the national glory, and are now confounded with them;" or that "it was from *René* that Byron borrowed Childe Harold;" or that he "explained re-

ligion in more brilliant and impassioned language than it had ever been explained before; or that "he extended the bounds of imagination and thought;" or that "he created a revolution in ideas and in literature;" or that he had "the grandeur of Bossuet, the depth of Montesquieu, the grace of Fenelon, the quaintness and naïveté of Montaigne, the biting irony of Pascal;" or that his poetry "was sublime—only to be compared to the best parts of Homer;" or that he was a "profound historian, who has taken startling and original views of civilization in Europe;" or that "his genius divided with that of Napoleon the admiration of the world;" or that "he and Napoleon convulsed their century,—he in ideas, Napoleon in events;" or that "his political pamphlets were more powerful than armies;" or that "he was the noblest model of political eloquence;" or that he "crushed his adversaries with a word;" or that his small-talk "was sublime;" or that "genius was in his eyes, grace in his smile, nobleness and firmness of heart marked in his features;" or that "no eye ever plunged more deeply into the obscurity of the future, and no intelligence ever more truly understood the intellectual movement of the century;" or, finally, that "future centuries will increase his glory by their admiration!" Exaggeration, gross exaggeration all that, my Lord Duke! You make your hero more than man—a demi-god; he unites, you say, all the sublimity of the greatest poets—all the genius of the most dazzling writers—all the profundity of the most profound philosophers—all the varied knowledge of the most learned historians—all the eloquence of the greatest orators that ever swayed the senate—all the patriotism and foresight and grandeur of the most distinguished statesmen!—But no man of sense will endure your panegyric, Monsieur le Duc, for all know that though Chateaubriand had a dash of genius in him, he was monstrously conceited, monstrously overrated, somewhat of the charlatan, and a good deal of the driveller.

The practice of having eulogistic harangues on deceased members of the Académie would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. When the deceased is a man of some note, like Chateaubriand for example, his successor is sure, like M. de Noailles, to carry laudation to the very verge of extravagance; and when he is of no note at all, as generally happens, it becomes supremely ridiculous to chaunt his *éloge*.—nay, sometimes even impossible, from his insignificance, to say anything at all of him. M. de Saint Priest, who is about to be received in the Academy in the room of M. Vatout, is at this moment labouring under this difficulty. "What can I say of my dead man?" he asks everybody. "He wrote nothing that anybody remembers—did nothing—was nothing—I really don't know what to say of *mon mort*!" "Eh, Monsieur," was the sarcastic answer, "your successor will have the same difficulty with respect to you!"

The newspapers state that the print-sellers of this capital make immense exportations of coloured prints, chiefly of a religious character, to different parts of Southern America; and they even go so far as to assert that not fewer than 2,000,000 copies of a coloured lithograph, representing the death of the Archbishop of Paris on the barricades, have been exported to that part of the world. The sale of religious prints has long been an important branch of commerce in this city; the provinces of France, Italy, and especially Spain, having taken vast quantities; and now it appears the Catholic parts of America have become customers too. These facts seem to me well worthy of the attention of the print-sellers of London. If they do not export should they not try? If they do, should they not endeavour to increase their trade? They can produce prints of any quality cheaper and better than the French, and English artists are assuredly quite equal to those in this country for that peculiar department of art. I am told that many thousand religious engravings and lithographs are sent from this city to Ireland; but I am reluctant to believe that English print-sellers are such blockheads as to allow themselves to be supplanted in their own country by foreign rivals. And,

besides, could not markets be found, both at home and abroad, for profane as well as for religious subjects?

French scribblers are clumsy hands at the concoction of literary frauds: one of them, for example, is now publishing a series of papers called the *Memoirs of Marion Delorme*, which he passes off as written by the celebrated courtizan; but he betrays himself by lighting Paris with gas before gas was invented, by numbering houses years before numbering ever took place, by having *fiacres* in the streets before such things were ever dreamt of, and by other equally awkward blunders.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

DEATH has removed from amongst us this distinguished ornament of English nobility, and in virtue, intellect, and attainments a fine type of the Aristocratic class. He died on Monday, at the residence of Mr. Pusey, having only completed his 40th year in June last, but his health had long been delicate and his constitution never robust. Yet he was a very extensive traveller, and underwent the privations and fatigues of many a journey and clime with the spirit and vigour of youth. The Peninsula, Germany, Greece, and Africa were explored by his Lordship (then Lord Porchester,) and his published accounts of these countries were received with universal approbation. In a higher scale of literature he gave to the world the graphic poem of *The Moor*, and the successful tragedy of *Don Pedro*. These compositions were reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, and led to much literary intercourse with their noble author, from which we are enabled to bear our testimony to his great attainments, extensive information, and highly cultivated tastes. Personal intercourse with him was a superior enjoyment, for his manners were the most polished and gentle, and his intelligence and fund of anecdote delightful and inexhaustible. He was indeed a nobleman in human rank, and truly a noble man of God's making.

*Sir Isambert Brunel*.—The death of Sir Isambert Brunel, in the ripeness of years, is nevertheless one of the events which seize on the attention of the world, and call upon it to look back to a time of many changes. Sir I. Brunel was a man of great mechanical genius, and led the way to many of the improvements in machinery which mark the wonderful progress of our age. The block machinery in our naval yards would be sufficient to immortalize his name, and the Thames Tunnel still more visibly establishes that claim. In our next number we shall probably relate some curious anecdotes of his onward career; at present, all we shall say is, that he was altogether a man of extraordinary talent, and a character in every way to be admired and esteemed.

*The Hon. Thomas Stapleton*, brother of Lord Beaumont, died at Cromwell Cottage, Old Brompton, on the 4th, at the early age of forty-four. Mr. Stapleton was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries, and himself distinguished for his antiquarian and literary pursuits.

*Mr. Henry Hemming*, long known to the public as a respectable performer, at the Adelphi and Haymarket Theatres, and lately as landlord of the *Café de l'Europe*, much frequented by theatrical people and their critics, died at Hammersmith on the 10th, in his 47th year.

## MUSIC.

### IN PARIS.

THE musical season has been inaugurated in Paris by several grand solemnities. At the Madeleine, a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of hearing the *Requiem* of Mozart executed in a manner worthy of that great work. This will be easily conceived when we mention that the vocal part was undertaken by Lablache, Alexis Dupont, Mesdames Viardot and Castelan; and that the instrumental part was executed by the orchestra of the Conservatoire, under the direction of M. Girard. The organ, the finest in Paris, under the able hands of M. Lefebvre Wely,

poured forth several of the plaintive melodies of the great pianist and composer in whose honour the funeral service was executed. The death of such an artist as Chopin is an event in the musical world. Master of a school apart, where Italian melody and sweetness were happily blended with the melancholy of the great German composers, he has unfortunately left no pupil or contemporary to fill up the void he has made. Of a feeble and delicate constitution, his musical ideas seem to have followed the bias of the earthly tenement in which they were lodged. Of his execution the same may be said. Chopin was thus ill fitted to shine in the concert room. He wanted that force and energy which cause such a genius as Liszt to take his audience by surprise, and to leave them wrapped in amazement and stupefaction, when his last thunders have been drawn from the instrument. The talent of Chopin only shone forth in all its lustre when he was surrounded by a few chosen friends and companions. It was on those occasions, seated close to the performers, that the neatness and surprising delicacy of his touch could be estimated. It was then that his piano seemed to rival in softness the finest human voice, and seemed to transport us to bubbling streams and woody groves. It is thus that his *Nocturnes* are amongst his most celebrated compositions. His music requires to be listened to far from the bustle of the world. To understand it, we must transport ourselves into the ideal regions imagined by the composer. Chopin was well aware of the nature of his talent, and on this account he rarely performed in public. His great abilities were not, however, the less known and rewarded. His compositions were eagerly bought, and at high prices. Lessons also flowed upon him, so that as a pianist, he was in receipt of one of the largest revenues in Paris. His generosity, however, hindered him from dying wealthy. A Pole by birth, his hand was ever open to relieve the wants of his suffering compatriots, and his death will not be less lamented by the many pensioners on his bounty, than by the musical public at large. We have mentioned the feeble nature of Chopin. He may be said to have been in a dying state for many years. Reduced almost to a skeleton, he was forced to pass the most of his time in a state of repose. The physicians had long pronounced him to be in the last stage of a consumption. The errors of the faculty will, however, cause no surprise. Chopin was found to have died of a disease of the heart. A spiritual French journalist remarks on this subject, that had the real nature and seat of his malady been known to his medical advisers, he would have been dead long ago. His mild tender disposition made him many friends, more especially amongst the fair sex. In his illness he was nursed by several ladies of the highest rank, and it is to their affectionate remembrance that he owes the grand musical solemnity which closed his career. Shortly before his death, he followed a course adopted by many other persons of genius—that of burning all his unpublished compositions. He said that he left no person who could play them as he wished, and in any other hands they lost all their charm. His remains were carried to their last resting-place, followed by all the artists of the capital, the illustrious Meyerbeer being one of the principal mourners.

Last Wednesday fortnight being the anniversary of Sainte Cecile, the day was celebrated at the church of Saint Eustache by the performance of a grand mass by Niedermayer. Of the merits of this work we have little to say in commendation—of the execution, everything. The most remarkable *morceau* was the solo, "O Salutaris," finely sung by Alexis Dupont. This great singer of sacred music still remains without a rival, and the soft vibrating tones of his voice accord admirably with the sanctity of the place and occasion. The orchestra and choirs, composed of 300 performers, were drawn from the principal lyrical theatres of Paris, and were ably conducted by M. Girard and M. Dietch. The church, one of the largest in the city, was densely filled, and after the doors were closed, an equal number remained unable to obtain admittance. The suffering musicians were



not forgotten, as the collection which was made amounted to the handsome sum of 3000 francs. Amongst many composers of distinction present, we remarked M. Halévy. This gentlemen's active hand is always distinguished in forwarding whatever may be serviceable to his poorer brethren.

#### THE PROPHETE AT PARIS.

Our Paris correspondent writes—The *reprise* of Meyerbeer's latest and, in the opinion of many of his admirers, most glorious work at the Académie Royale, has not only consolidated the extraordinary popularity it gained by the first representations, but has vastly increased its circle of public favour. It has passed, if I may so express myself, through the fiery furnace of repeated repetitions, with the unexampled result of increasing admiration for what was at first admired, removing objections which were at first entertained, leading to the discoveries of beauties where none were expected to exist, and making thousands of musical scoffers willingly acknowledge the vastness of the musical power of the greatest composer of our day.

Never assuredly did anything exceed or even approach the immense effect of the Prophet's dream related to the Anabaptists, or the whole of the coronation in the fourth Act. How musical instruments can be so made to *speak*—to yell forth maledictions, or to break into praises—to growl like a popular insurrection, or to express the bitterest wail of human agony—is somewhat of a miracle in the estimation of ordinary men. The exclamation, 'Be accursed—be accursed!' in the Prophet's dream, is, in particular, startlingly sublime, and the chaunting in the church—the hymn of triumph of the Prophet—the scene between mother and son—positively exceed one's feeble powers of description. The fierce fanaticism, too, which breaks forth in the first scene which takes place between the Prophet and the Anabaptists, and the sanguinary fury of the peasantry in the third act, are also truly magnificent. And the enthusiasm which the *Mon fils sois bon*, and almost every other morceau of Madame Viardot's part, excite—and, no wonder either—for what can exceed the touching sentiment, the profound grief, the poignant despair, which the composer has placed in them?

The Opera continues to be on the whole admirably performed. Madame Viardot, in particular, is truly great in her arduous rôle—in singing and acting she is equal to the composer, and than that no higher praise can be given. Roger's voice gives indications that it has been over excited, but it is still full and powerful, and he acts his part admirably. Mme. Castellan, M. Levasseur, and the other principal performers, are all good: the choruses and the orchestra are excellent, especially the latter.

For years no such success as that of the *Prophet* has been attained in this city, and no opera has deserved it so well. The house is crowded to excess at every performance, and the public enthusiasm is kept up with an energy really surprising. Meyerbeer himself, notwithstanding all his previous renown, must feel proud of such a great triumph.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Evil-eye; ballad.* Poetry by Mrs. Elde Darby. Music by Charles Oberthür. Schott and Co.

We are really delighted with this ballad; the music is appropriate and dramatic. We see it is dedicated to Fischek, and hope to hear him sing it at some of our next year's concerts, certain as we are of its becoming popular as a concert standard.

*Nocturne—L'Impatience Valse—Aréthuse.* Wessel and Co.

Compositions of much merit by M. Emanuel Aguilar. Nocturne is exceedingly well harmonized; Aréthuse a very charming production, and we have seldom played a piece of modern music that has given us so much pleasure; L'Impatience valse are not so pleasing, but still containing some beauties.

*The Fairest Flower.* Poetry by Edward Mordaunt Spencer. Music by Alexander Lee. Williams.

*Blanche and Lisette; ballad.* Poetry by Charles Jeffreys. Music by Charles W. Glover. Jeffreys.

*Jeannie and Donald; ballad—Of what are you thinking, Jenny?—I'm thinking now of thee, Jamie.* D'Almaine and Co.

We have here five ballads, not one of which is worth the paper it is written on.

*The Lulla Rookh Waltzes and Lulla Rookh Polka.* By John Cooper. Cooper and Co.

REQUIRING very little remark, being already established favourites.

*The Geraldine Polka.* By Emma Geraldine Henrietta Hamilton Hooper. Bath: Hervey.

THE young composer should have corrected her music a little before publishing it, as her Polka has unpleasant discords in it, merely for want of a couple of sharps or so, the addition of which would make the Geraldine pretty and agreeable.

*The Cadet Polka.* Lonsdale.

VERY pleasant.

*Princess's Theatre.*—A new composer has come before the public—Signor Schira, formerly leader at Drury-lane, under the management of Mr. Bunn. A comic opera in two acts, entitled *Mina*, produced on Saturday last at the Princess's, is, we believe, the first work which we can ascribe to his pen. We will be candid: Signor Schira comes before us with conflicting qualities; *Mina* is an exceedingly pleasing work, full of promise, with music both sweet and of good caste,—but it has some grave faults. Very strangely, while the author gives us undeniable evidence of rich powers, and of originality in composition, he somehow gets so entangled with the authors he has studied, that he ingeniously tacks on their work to his own conceptions in a most uncouth and hybrid manner; so that, in fact, *Mina* is an original opera full of ill-timed quotations from Auber and Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Adolphe Adam—authors the most opposite and unneighbourly. We positively had the identical *cavatina* sung by Henriette in the first act of *L'Ambasciadrice*; further on, we recognised some strains treading closely upon the author of *Lucia*; then came the sonorous Verdi, with his unison chorus; and anon a paraphrase of the German school. Yet with all this, the two acts of Signor Schira wearied no one. Several of the melodies sung by Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were called for a second time, as well as the Finale in the first act; and not only was the opera successful, but no dissent marred the success; and we certainly hope to see Signor Schira on the stage again, emancipated from the trammels of imitation,—that stumbling-block of all deep study,—and with a work more consistent and homogeneous in its parts.

*London Wednesday Concerts, Exeter Hall.*—Three more of these popular miscellaneous entertainments have been given since our last notice, and with increasing success. Herr Ernst on the violin has been the principal attraction; but the selections of general music have given perfect satisfaction to the multitudinous audiences. *The Bohemian Girl*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Les Huguenots*, have been the operas drawn upon for the staple of the first parts; in the last Herr Formes created quite a sensation in the person of Mr. Bridge Frodsham, was introduced; he is, we believe, a pupil of Ronconi's, and possesses a pure and beautiful voice. That he will be a valuable recruit in the tenor regiment is undeniable, but he was too perceptibly nervous on his first appearance for a proper judgment to be pronounced on his qualifications.

*M. Jullien's Concerts, Drury Lane Theatre.*—A short but very prosperous season was brought to a brilliant termination on Wednesday last, when a fine selection of music, including most of the "popularities" of the whole series of concerts, was given before a crowded audience. Examples of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were given with such effect and precision (as indeed were all the orchestral selections), that an impression was created that the band, under their skilful director, were desirous of making their exits with greater triumph than on any previous occasion. If such were the

intention, it succeeded to admiration, for the audience were boisterous in their applause; and the final concert was unanimously pronounced to be the best of the season, and many regrets were uttered on all sides that it was the last.

A crowd of fantastic roistersers were dancing, joking, and "driving dull care away," at the hour of our going to press last night, and we had only time to take a peep at the interior of the theatre, to see how Jullien's *Bal Masqué* looked. It was a gorgeous scene of illumination and decoration, and the glass curtain across the proscenium had a superb effect. Of the "motley" below we shall say nothing. The audience part of the theatre was crammed.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—Mr. Macready concluded the first series of his farewell representations with *Macbeth* on Saturday night; and on Monday with a rapidity in the succession of attractive performances that is highly creditable to the management, Mr. and Mrs. Kean made their first appearance this season in their favourite characters, in the play of *The Wife's Secret*. Their reception was warm, and at the end of the play the honour of a call before the curtain was awarded them by a well-filled house.

*Sadler's Wells.*—The author of the new tragedy, *Garcia*, or *The Noble Error* (Mr. F. G. Tomlins) is so well known for the part he has for many years taken in the study of our dramatic literature, that great interest was excited by its production on Wednesday evening, and, we fancy, considerable curiosity also, to know what would be the character of a work written by one so conversant with and so critical about dramatic matters. The story of *Garcia* may be given in a few words. A noble Spaniard, Garcia, has at the instigation of the Countess Verna, his mother, given shelter to a Moor escaped from the inquisition; for this crime the Countess is arrested by the emissaries of the holy office at the moment she has invested her son, just of age, with the feudal honours of his race, and borne away to the tribunal at Seville. She is condemned to death, but the sentence requires the sanction of the civil power, and the principal witness, who is the Moor himself, is despatched to the court to give personal evidence before the king. He has to pass alone within a mile of Garcia's castle; Garcia is urged on by Pacheco, a nobleman, who has secret reasons for wishing it, to waylay and murder the Moor, for the sake of saving his mother. His remorse, after he has perpetrated this crime, is great, and is further heightened by the fact that the lady has been saved by other means, so that the occasion for his committing the "noble error" did not, in fact, exist. Garcia is arrested for the murder shortly after the Countess's return to the castle; this climax of sorrow destroys her, and the curtain falls as Garcia is led away to prison and certain death. There is great simplicity and, at the same time, great natural interest in this, giving rise to several effective situations, which are not lost sight of by the dramatist. The tragedy was listened to with deep interest, which would, we think, have been heightened by keeping the underplot, in which the sister of the hero is concerned, more out of sight, and abridging the number of subsidiary scenes, which prevented the catastrophe from hurrying on to a conclusion, as, in order to have kept the feelings of the audience in the highest state of excitement, it should have done. The evidences of a correct perception of the true sources of dramatic power are so evident as to make this slight fault in construction the more noticeable; and it is to be regretted that the effect of so fine a work should be marred by a fault that might have been so easily remedied. The language of the piece is remarkable for its severity of style, and for the absence of all conventional poetic colouring, at the same time possessing force and fitness. The versification sounds rugged and intractable. The character of the Countess, most admirably rendered by Miss Glyn, is conceived and carried out with a feeling of dignity that elevates it far above common-place; while that of Garcia, less marked in its delineation, is thoroughly

truthful and consistent with the sentiment which, uttered at the conclusion, reveals the true characteristic of the conception:—

"I fell for want of trust in Heaven.

My manhood has exploded  
Without aim or service."

This part was played by Mr. Phelps with his usual care and discrimination. The other parts were well filled, and the getting up excellent; the scene of the Inquisition was a perfect picture. The principal actors and the author were called for at the end, and greeted, as was indeed the whole performance, with loud and continued applause.

*Strand*.—A translation by Mr. Theodore Martin, the author of the *Bon Gualtier* ballads, of the Danish drama, *King René's Daughter*, was produced here on Tuesday evening. The story of the piece, which is in one act, is very simple, and the interest arises rather from the peculiar position of the heroine than from any ordinary dramatic situations. King René's daughter, *Solanthe*, who has been blind from infancy, has been kept ignorant of the existence of the sense she is deprived of, and is secluded under the care of peasants in a cottage amongst the mountains. She is here accidentally encountered by the nobleman whose bride she is, for political reasons, intended to become. Ignorant who she is, and struck by her beauty, he falls in love with her, in spite of her blindness, which he does not at first detect, and eventually marries her when her sight has been restored through the instrumentality of a Moorish physician. Slight as this story is, it is made extremely interesting by the grace and artlessness of Mrs. Stirling's acting as the blind girl; by the elegance of her attitudes, and the naturalness of her manner, and the truth with which she represents the peculiar condition of *Solanthe*, she produced an effect that fully realized the poetic conception of the author. Mr. Leigh Murray, as the lover, was graceful and chivalrous, and the less important parts were sensibly played. The stage success of the translation, which is elegantly written, was complete. The new piece was followed by the *Hypocrite*, in which those admirable artistes, Mrs. Glover and Mr. Farren, played with their usual excellence; and a Mr. P. Emery made a successful debut in the character of *Maiveorm*.

*Marylebone*.—This well conducted little theatre was on Monday evening opened for the last time, under the management of the gentleman who has given so great an impulse in the right direction to its standing and fortunes. Mr. Watts deserves the warmest thanks of every one who wishes well to the National Drama. On the farewell night Mr. Davenport took his benefit, and an address was delivered by Mr. Ellis, in which a grateful farewell was taken of the audience on behalf of the Lessee and the company under his management.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
Leave things of the future to fate:  
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?  
Life's troubles come never too late!  
If to hope overmuch be an error,  
'Tis one that the wise have prefer'd;  
And how often have hearts been in terror  
Of evils—that never occur'd!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—  
Permit not suspicion and care  
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,  
But bear what God gives thee to bear.  
By His spirit supported and gladden'd,  
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterr'd;  
But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd  
By fear—of what never occur'd!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
Short and dark as our life may appear,  
We may make it still darker by sorrow—  
Still shorter by folly and fear!  
Half our troubles are half our invention,  
And often from blessings conferr'd  
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension  
Of evils—that never occur'd!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

### PHYNODDOREE.

"There has not been a merry world since the Phynnod-doree lost his place."—*Saying of the Isle o' Man.*

This useful little old gentleman, with his hairy coat, was a fallen fairy, who was banished from his brethren in fairy land, for having paid his addresses to a pretty Manks maid, and deserting the fairy court during the harvest moon, to dance with his earthly love in the merry Glen of Rushen. He is doomed to remain in the Isle till the end of time; and many are the stories related by the Manks peasantry of his prodigious strength. Having performed one of his wonderful feats, a gentleman wishing to recompense him, caused a few articles of clothing to be laid down for him in his usual haunt; when, on perceiving them, he lifted them up, one by one, saying—

"Cap for the Head: alas! poor Head.  
Coat for the Back: alas! poor Back.  
Breeches for the Breech: alas! poor Breech.  
If these be all thine, thine cannot be the merry Glen of Rushen!"

And so he departed, and has never been heard of since.

The rhyme of the Scottish Brownie, when he was rewarded with a coat and sark, ran thus—

"Gie Brownie coat, gie Brownie sark,  
Ye've get nae mair o' Brownie's wark."

So also that of the Cauld Lad of Hilton Castle, in the Bishoprick of Durham, ran in a similar rhyming strain, when he was similarly rewarded—

"Here's a cloak and here's a hood,  
The Cauld Lad o' Hilton will do no more good."

The luck of the house is said to depart for ever with the offended Brownie!

P. B. 1849.

M. A. D.

## VARIETIES.

*Neotype Chessmen*.—Always something new in these progressive times. Here, for the convenience of playing chess in steamboats or railway carriages, we have the pieces embossed on a flat substance, and moved as in drafts. At first it would appear as if they were not so clearly recognizable as when carved in wood, bone, or ivory; but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the change (the two colours being preserved), and the game is not liable to the instability and tumbling about of the usual forms, if tried in such situations. It is an ingenious contrivance.

*The Cattle Show* has during the week been the Sight of London. Every class of society has thronged to Baker-street to witness the show of cattle, sheep, pigs, and agricultural implements. We must confess that the exhibition is a most interesting one, and—without presuming to be judges in such matters—we may say that the present annual collection appeared to us, in every respect, to possess more of symmetry and less of grossness than any of its predecessors.

*African Expedition*.—Mr. Richardson, Dr. Barth, a Prussian savant, and Dr. Overweg, a Prussian geologist, were to leave Paris last Wednesday, for Marseilles, to embark for Tunis. The British government, as has been stated in the *Literary Gazette*, bears the expense of the mission. Mr. Croft, a mate in our merchant service, also accompanies the party, in order to superintend the navigation of the rivers and lakes they may have to pass, and particularly the great inland lake of which the native reports are so fertile, Lake Tshad. To its western side a boat is to be transported across the desert on camels, to await the anticipated arrival there of Mr. Richardson and his companions from Soudan. Mr. John Hasewen, a native of Aleppo, goes with them as interpreter.

*Ancient Coins*.—We understand that the Mayor and Corporation of Newport, Isle of Wight, have directed that a complete set of the coins discovered on the premises of Mr. Perriss, and seized by the municipal body under the law of treasure trove, shall be presented to the Numismatic Society of London.

"*Suspensory*."—An ingenious contrivance by the Messrs. Brown to serve for chair, couch, or bedstead. Formed of two light oblong iron frames, one within the other, with two pins passing through the outer into holes arranged in a segment of a circle on the inner frame, the "Suspensory" may be inclined almost to any angle. By shifting the pins, the canvas takes the form of the sloping-backed chair, with the comfortably curved seat, of a gentle incline, with a slightly raised head-rest, or of the almost flat sacking for a pillow accompaniment. When not in use as a flat frame without a stand, it may be stowed away anywhere.

*Miss Clara Seyton's Entertainments*.—The deep interest felt by this country in the struggles of the Hungarians for independence has induced one of our most popular readers—Miss Clara Seyton—to introduce their national minstrelsy; and on Tuesday last she gave an additional impetus to the popularity of her Lectures by this new feature. Her liveliness and impressive delivery illustrated these national chaunts with uncommon spirit, and much to the satisfaction of her audience.

*Roman Pavement*.—The large and beautiful specimen of Roman pavement lately discovered at Harpole, in the county of Northampton, has been covered up temporarily by the owner, Mr. Manning, to prevent its being carried away piecemeal by the crowds of thoughtless or selfish curiosity-hunters, which always resort to such scenes, to the great annoyance of the antiquary.

*Van Diemen's Land*.—A newly-discovered tract of land, said to exceed two millions of acres, is about to be opened to the enterprise of the colonists. It runs from the south-western portion of Lincoln County, near Lake St. Clair, to the north-western portion of Franklin County, and round the Frenchman's Cap. Report says it is capable of carrying sheep all the year round, while hitherto the flocks running near the Lake, in consequence of the cold and snowy climate, have been obliged to remove into milder districts during the winter.

*Builders' Benevolent Institution*.—The first election took place on the 29th ult. of five pensioners from a list of eleven candidates. Mr. George Bird, the treasurer, took the chair, and on opening the business, said he was happy to find this, their first election, so numerously attended by the friends of an institution which had progressed more favourably than its most sanguine friends could have anticipated. It had been established but little more than two years, and the funded property amounted to 1400*l.*, of which 500*l.* had been subscribed towards the erection of almshouses. The annual subscription had reached 350*l.*; there was a balance of more than 200*l.* at the bankers, and the society was wholly free from debt. The ballot was then taken and the successful candidates announced.

*Huge Seal*.—The Cork paper states that a seal has been shot near Dunmanus harbour, of the following gigantic proportions, and requiring six men to raise and carry it. "His length from snout to tail, which was very short, was nine feet. The circumference of his body under the shoulders was six feet. The quantity of oil produced is computed at about fifteen gallons."

*Madame Fiorentini* has recently made a most successful debut at the Italian Opera House of Berlin, and her performance of *Norma* is considered by the German critics to be excellent. She is a pupil of Mr. Crivelli, and has been commanded to perform twice before the King at Potsdam.

*Mr. Stephenson*, the celebrated Engineer and Member of Parliament, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour by the President of the French Republic.

*Mr. Gliddon* is in town, arranging the Egyptian Panorama, preparatory to its opening in about a fortnight. He has secured the large hall recently occupied by the Chinese Museum.—*New York Literary World*, Nov. 17th.

*The Windsor Christmas Theatrical Performances* will, it is stated, be postponed, in consequence of the death of Queen Adelaide.



## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold's (T. K.) Selections from Cicero, Part 2: Epistles, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Art of Conversation, second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
 Babes in the Wood, by the Marquis of Waterford, 21s.  
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 Bishop's (D.) Introduction to the Study of the Mind, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
 Book of Ruth, Etchings from Drawings by Lady A. Cadogan, 12s., coloured, 21s.  
 Brasse's Enunciations and Figures of Euclid, 12mo, sewed, 1s.  
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 Cumming's (Dr.) Apocryphal Sketches, third series, 9s.  
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 Fruits from the Garden and the Field, by Owen Jones, royal 8vo, calf, £1 11s. 6d.  
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 Gover's (E.) General and Elementary Atlas, sewed, 1s. 6d., cloth, 2s.  
 Hack's Winter Evenings, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
 Halliwell's (J. O.) Nursery Rhymes, fourth edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
 Halliwell's (J. O.) Letters of the Kings of England, 2 vols., post 8vo, 8s.  
 King Cole, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
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 Peet's Daughter, by Lady B. Lytton, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
 Selections from Ovid, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
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 Stebbing's Short Readings, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Wonders of Home, 16mo, coloured, 4s. 6d.  
 Wylie's Scenes from the Bible, 8vo, illustrated, 7s. 6d.

## DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

| 1849.         | h. m. s.   | 1849.         | h. m. s.   |
|---------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| Dec. 15 . . . | 11 55 29.0 | Dec. 19 . . . | 11 57 27.3 |
| 16 . . .      | 55 32.2    | 20 . . .      | 57 57.2    |
| 17 . . .      | 56 27.7    | 21 . . .      | 58 37.2    |
| 18 . . .      | 56 57.4    |               |            |

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

(Accidentally omitted in its proper place.)

- Monday.**—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy (Mr. Green's Anatomical Lecture), 8 p.m.—London Institution, 7 p.m.  
**Tuesday.**—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Civil Engineers (Anniversary), 8 p.m.  
**Wednesday.**—Geological, 8 p.m.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.  
**Thursday.**—Royal, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Numismatic, 7 p.m.—London Institution, 7 p.m.  
**Saturday.**—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

There seems to be some fun in our (*pseudo* French) Mimico dancing mistress, but we don't bite.  
 The literary "row" in America shall have due notice in our next *Gazette*. We have not had time to digest it for this number.

*Eratum.*—In the review of Mr. Smith's pavements, for *Bignor*, read *Bignor*.

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|---------------|---|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|--|---------------------|
| 20            | 20 15 10  | 1250                           | 250                               | 108   | 12   | 1240                |
| 25            | 20 12 5   | 1205                           | 205                               | 110   | 12   | 1227                |
| 30            | 35 19 6   | 1140                           | 140                               | 118   | 11   | 1269                |
| 40            | 45 6 0  | 1020                           | 30                                | 129   | 10   | 1169                |

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